







THE

# CATHOLIC RECORD.

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## A WORD FOR IRELAND.

WITH its back to Europe and its face to the West, receiving the full shock of the mighty billows of the Atlantic on its northern, western, and southern shores, stands the fair and fertile island named Ireland. Nature has bestowed on this little isle, this speck of earth, a mere freckle on the surface of the globe, the most bounteous gifts. As if destined to high fortunes, it is placed on the west of the Continent an advanced post, the depository of the keys of the ocean, charged to open for European vessels the highways of commerce, and to offer to America's industry the first harbors, fourteen of which can receive in safe anchorage all the navies in the world. The bowels of its ground are enriched with precious metals; the most fertile soil in the world has been poured on the rock that serves as a base; the seaboard teems with a variety of the finest fish, and the land is so marvellously productive that it could maintain a population of twenty millions. Nature having made these rich presents, further labored to embellish the country.

She has traced the mountains with infinite grace, interspersed the plains with smiling slopes and glistening lakes; with graceful meadows and forests full of sap and vegetation.

This first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea, has a history which, though generally shaded and sad, stretches away back amid the waves of time far beyond the Christian era. A race have trod its soil who have made themselves felt in almost every country of the globe. To civilization they have communicated some of the most quickening impulses; to science, poetry, oratory, history, art, they have given some of their most illustrious names. Heroic souls whose achievements are conspicuous on the rolls of fame, and whose thoughts have influenced the world's destinies, claim Ireland as their birth-place. Glory has blended with her dust. It is a land of noble fame, of gorgeous traditions, of heroic memories. Its monuments tell in their gray ruins, that have withstood the storms of time, of a great past, to which the hearts of its peo-

ple fondly and proudly turn. The voice of soldiers, scholars, saints, speaks from the dim past, amid the echo of ages as they sweep along the avenues of time.

It is the land of song, and how rich and plaintive the music that comes from this region of the harp, stirring the pulses with its notes of sadness, or flushing the cheek with its fire and passion! That music, even now favorably received throughout the world, attests the genius of the people from whom those celestial effusions have emanated, and exhibits a state of society conversant with every graceful form of imagery and thought, with innocence that suspects no vice, impulsion that knows no selfishness, and resignation never verging on despair. That music, low and sweet, martial or melancholy, melting into softness or kindling to heroic ardor, has gone direct to the heart of the world. It tells of woes, wrongs, oppressions, as it sighs over the historic past. It seems to be the pathetic utterance of an imaginative, high-souled, proud, and passionate race, who are endeavoring to escape from a dreary present, by taking refuge in the memories of a gorgeous past. Strikingly does it contrast with their wit and humor, gay, glancing, tender, buoyant, as though they were strangers to sorrow and tears. And when we add to these, the fervor and genius of the people; their passionate love of kindred and country; their pure morals; their courageous faith; their unconquerable fidelity; their bravery; their ardor for civilization, have we not a race and a land worthy the profoundest admiration? A land of which it is hardly too much to say:

"One-half its soil has walked the rest,  
In poets, heroes, saints, and sages."

The bulk of the population are of the Celtic race, preserved in Ireland in more complete purity than

in any other land; but it would be difficult to conceive of any people being more unfavorably circumstanced in regard to national development. That there is no inherent defect in the old Celtic stock is evident from even a slight examination of their history.

The Irish annals regarding the dark period of the first inhabitants are much of the same complexion as similar traditions of all other countries, giving suspiciously minute accounts of tribes that in succession poured into the country; and how much is legend and how much is fact, in all that is recorded of them, no one can tell. Some persons who hate Christian Ireland, give vent to their malignity in revilements of the exalted extravagance of its legendary lore. But we may very justly remark, as Greece without offence had its Achilles, Latium its Eneas, Rome its Romulus, and it affords us literary pleasure to hear Homer and Virgil singing about "gods and godlike men," why should not bards and sennachies give to Ireland potentates and warriors of admirable renown, although of mythical character? In the twilight of history, the Celtic tribes of ancient Ireland cannot appear better nor worse than their contemporaries in other lands.

When a dawning of historic light breaks through the gloom of antiquity, we find the veritable record of a grand and noble tribe which Milesius conducted to Ireland many hundred years before the Christian era. Their tribal name was Scoti; and from the predominance they acquired the whole population were long called Scots. That they enjoyed a high order of civilization in that far-off time, and were remarkably refined, throughout many generations, when the neighboring people were sunk in barbarism, is a fact attested by incontrovertible testimony.



It is close upon fifteen hundred years since a foreign saintly priest with the Roman name Patricius, arrived in Ireland to preach the gospel to the yet heathen inhabitants. The religion of the people at that period was not a gross, debasing superstition, but a worship of remarkable purity and simplicity. They adored a supreme deity under the name of Bael, and regarded the heat-giving, fruit-giving, and life-giving sun as his visible emblem. They had not to abandon cruel sacrifices or corrupting rites, hence they accepted the gospel without hesitation, and the life of that one Christian missionary saw the conversion of the whole nation. Apart from the special grace of heaven, the reason for this immediate acceptance of the truth lay in the fact that the nation, even then ancient and of an origin lost in the mist of ages, was in a state of high civilization and, full of intelligence, fitted for the reception of sublime truth. In other countries the gospel seed had to be watered with martyr's blood ere it bloomed and fructified; but in Ireland a genial soil was opened in generous hearts for the law of charity, and the smiles of refined hospitality lighted the path for the apostle bearing the glad tidings of salvation.

The shamrock, which on one occasion supplied the holy preacher with a ready figure of the adorable Trinity, has ever since been the national emblem. It is a type of the inseparable connection between Irish intellect, Irish faith, and Irish patriotism. All these have passed through many trials and tribulations, but that sacred emblem is still the guarantee of a living soul, a living religion, a living nation. The beasts of the field may trample the plant for a season, but the creative breath bedews it; the sun of heaven shines upon it; the air of divine providence freshens

it, and it springs to life again, brighter and more lasting than ever. A thousand times "the heathens raged and imagined a vain thing," nothing less than the extirpation of the triune beauty of the favorite pasture-land of the divine Shepherd, yet a thousand times they have been foiled and exhausted in the efforts to uproot that which Omnipotence has sown, wisdom has nourished, and sanctity has preserved. No malice can destroy the faith, the mind, and nation, while that token of heaven's covenant grows in the soil of Ireland.

From her new birth in Christianity, Ireland is seen moving along the stage of life in a golden age of surpassing brilliancy and marvellous duration. Of this we are informed by the chronicle of Irish worthies which makes up the largest page in the calendar of saints; this fact is attested in the archives of every nation attributing their revived civilization to Irish influence. There is nothing in history better ascertained, or so generally acknowledged, that when all learning in Europe was enveloped in clouds, the sombre darkness was repelled from the church in Ireland, and the light reflected from the sanctuary preserved in her cloisters the intelligence and science which irradiated whole empires, and eventually became the light of the world in the diffusion of knowledge, together with the sacred gift of revealed religion. Is it not well known, even by those who have the least historical knowledge, that the barbarians who broke up the Roman empire, which included the whole of the then known civilized world, devoted in their savage march whole libraries to the flames, and sought with ruthless havoc to crush in one heap of ruin all the remains of classical antiquity? The lustre of learning, the elegance of fine arts, the sublimity of science, had no charms in the eyes of van-

dals; on the contrary, rather, served to upbraid them with the disgrace of their ignorance. Light was to them as the sunshine to the owl—they loved darkness because their deeds were evil. Ireland secured the sacred deposit of religion and of learning, and at the first opportune moment elevated the prostrated mind through the impulses of piety and education. Thus it happened that the missionaries of Christianity and civilization swarmed over Europe from those marvellous hives of erudition, the monasteries and colleges of the fair western island. Until this day memorials of those benefactors of the nations are found amongst the people living near to the Neva, the Danube, and the Rhine. Many names of Irish promoters and patrons of truth and culture are inscribed upon the cathedrals and academies that dot the plains of France, the gardens of Italy and Spain, the mountains of Switzerland, and the shores of the Mediterranean and the Baltic. Such monumental history elevates the character of a nation above the fog of myth, legends, and romance, and gives us substantial proof that the spirit of poetry, of Attic elegance, of chivalry, of fervid eloquence in religion, in politics, and the social line, all found a congenial home in Ireland.

This ancient civilization, and the noble titles it bestows, are maintained, so that Ireland enjoys at the present time a vitality prolonging her religious and intellectual age far beyond the duration of other nationalities. In fact, the character of the people in relation to religion, pure, holy, and undefiled, genuine civil virtue, pure morality, mental cultivation, and refined civilization, is, indeed, a prodigy, when we consider the ordeal through which they have passed. Many thoughtful men, philosophers and scholars, in this country and abroad, have judiciously declared that if

any other nation, even the most refined, such as France, Italy, or America, had endured a tithe of the destructive influences that for centuries have operated against Ireland, it would have been desolated like Egypt, Greece, or Carthage; it would be sunk in irretrievable barbarism. In fact, all that Satanical ingenuity could devise and human malignity could execute, has labored for the ruin of Christian Ireland. Infidelity toiled to poison the air of life, murder plied the dagger, robbery snatched the very crumbs of food, the despoiler used every machinery for extermination, so that throughout long ages the bright lines of her history are blotted, every page being wetted with the blood or tears she shed. Under a foreign usurpation, which in the heraldry of iniquity is marked as the viceroyalty of hell, atrocious crimes have been committed, that are distinguished by a depravity more aggravated than is signified by their ordinary names in other regions, so that the cruelties, plunderings, and assassinations committed in Ireland by barbarous, bloody, brutal Britain, associate ideas of peculiar and unique crime. That which the hell-inspired intruders named law would in the administration of Nero be designated a sanguinary edict. Those emissaries of Satan only legalized murder, it being decreed that it was no crime to kill an Irishman. Parricide was encouraged, the apostate son being rewarded with his father's confiscated property. Holy marriage, God's own fundamental institution, was made a capital felony. The slaughter of the servants of the altar was made a commercial enterprise, five pounds sterling being paid for the head of a murdered priest. More than all, Belzebub Britain was not to be satiated by banqueting on flesh and blood within the halls of time; it coveted to gorge its appetite in spiritual or-



gies, reaching into the domain of eternity. Yes, it sought for the ruin of the human mind, and forbade the teaching of a school under penalty of death. Let us remember that until a recent period Ireland was systematically and by decrees desolated by pestilence, fire, famine, and the sword. Ten out of the whole eleven millions of acres were confiscated and parcelled out amongst hordes of heathens and publicans; the population was reduced to nine hundred thousand, who had to betake themselves to the forests and the mountains. Now let us ask, where in that Sahara, in that dreary waste and wilderness seemingly moistened only by the spray from each successive wave of foreign intrusion, crested with the foam of iniquity, where, we ask, can be found one single furrow wherein the smallest seed or the slenderest plant of learning and civilization could be set? Yet, mysteriously and magnificently over the whole land waves the everlasting harvest of the mind. With the index of contemporary history pointing to men and facts, we can confidentially declare that in everything belonging to mental, moral, and manly excellence, Ireland is a prodigy. How is this to be accounted for? Most certainly the civilization that culminated in the refinement of holy faith at the first preaching of the divine word, never declined in ever-blooming, verdant, fair, and fertile Christian Ireland. Examine the population judiciously, and after the most severe scrutiny they will be found to be, physically, morally, and intellectually, foremost in the human family. In philosophy, in literature, in liberal arts and science, Irishmen are favorably compared with the scholars of every nation.

The Atlantéan endurance of a world of oppressions proves the giant strength of the nation. The population is the wonder of the

universe; it rises like the swell of the ocean, despite the drains of war, impoverishment, pestilence, and emigration, because it has all the virtues that render it productive. The industry of Ireland not only achieves all which the jealousy of heathen England will allow it to achieve at home, but works the factories, opens the mines, digs the canals, constructs the roads, mans the navies, recruits the armies, and tills the soil of half the world that speaks the English language. Ireland is a competitor, most frequently a crowned rival in every arena where laudable ambition aspires, and virtuous honor is rewarded. What feat of arms cannot the Irish people perform—what Senate will they not enliven with brilliant oratory—what forum will they not enrich with legal lore? A very fair estimate of the character of Christian Ireland, may be obtained by the method of comparison. Let us then compare with its only malignant reviler, brutal, blaspheming England. Although every earthly disadvantage has been on the side of Ireland, and every advantage has been enjoyed for centuries by her inveterate foe, if we take the mass of the people, or man for man, we will find in all that appertains to cultivation of mind and heart, that the Irish are as superior to the English, as Americans are to Hottentots. The ignorance of the English people has been denounced in Parliament; it is published in the reports of government inspectors; it has been proclaimed in the speeches of philanthropists; and from those sources of reliable information we receive the exhibition of a social condition inferior to that of the Cannibal Islands. The rural population, the peasantry proper, are the least moral, the most ignorant and stupid in the world; they are named by an English writer, "*Barn-door savages.*" Whatever intelligence the

operatives possess is applied to purposes of infidelity and immorality; crimes that cannot be named pass with them as ordinary usages of life. Ireland is the very opposite of all this English deformity.

The philosophy of history teaches that when a nation is inspired by piety and pure morality it is preserved in a generous blood, in a vitality always youthful and blooming. Hence always spring the gallant races, the vigorous stocks, the beautiful and robust nations of the earth. Such is the condition of Ireland. The military reputation of the Irish is a truism of history, and by it they are ranked amongst the bravest of the brave. It is principally on this account that France claims them for a kindred people. "In the long wars of Louis XIV," says the Duke St. Simon, "the Irish performed prodigies of valor." Hence it occurred that the Great Monarch declared: "It is my will that the Irish enjoy the rights of Frenchmen without having need of naturalization." Spain verifies the tradition of the Milesian emigration from her shores, and claiming to be a kind of mother country of the Irish race, feels proud of her progeny. The present opportunity will not allow the full narrative of the martial deeds of Irishmen when battling alongside the noble Spaniard, when they felt the throb of the ancient kindred, and the blood of a common origin warmed their hearts, and they marched together when "Europe trembled beneath the tread of Spanish infantry." We may briefly and satisfactorily conclude on this point from Lord Holland's reminiscences of foreign travels, in which, speaking of Spain, he says: "There, amidst the most ancient and chivalrous nobility of Europe, the descendants of the Irish rank highest." We are sorry to see the chivalry of Ireland shaded by the piratical flag of perfidious Britain; but it serves our present

purpose to notice the fact that the Irish are the principal strength of the British army, and have generally insured a victory. An Irishman, Wellington, with an army that was principally made up of Irishmen, swept the Peninsula, and immortalized the name of Waterloo. An Irishman, Keane, with Irish soldiers won the battles of Afghanistan, and planted the standard at Ghuznee. An Irishman, Gough, with the same forces subdued China, and afterwards conquered at Guzerat and the terrible battles of the Sutledge. We must pass over a vast number of heroic deeds conspicuous within this century; but we cannot omit the great battle of Meanee in Northern India, when Sir Charles Napier, an Irishman, conquered the armies of Scinde. Against fifty thousand enemies he had only three thousand soldiers, of these four hundred only were Europeans, an Irish regiment of Tipperary men. When the general beheld them, sustaining single-handed the brunt of battle with dauntless valor withstanding countless hordes, then dashing forward sweeping all before them, he could not avoid exclaiming, "Magnificent Tipperary!"

Charity, humanity, generosity, and all the noblest virtues of the heart are at this hour the conspicuous characteristics of Christian Ireland, and they are the genuine results of its religion. The inestimable treasures of faith, hope, and charity, it has preserved amid the corruptions and confusion of the surrounding world. The bitter enemies of Christianity have sometimes endeavored to detract from the honor of Ireland by dragging into notice some examples of degeneracy which have become depraved by falling into the purloins of corruption. Those exceptions, which, from their rarity, are the more noticeable, confirm the rule. The influx of evil associations from



other regions, their political corruption and social contamination, have not been able to efface the honorable traits engraven on the national character.

Attacked in all his rights the Irishman had to yield to force in all save one,—that of worshipping God according to his conscience. In the defence of his religion—the one, holy, catholic, and apostolic faith—the Irishman has never been conquered; invaded, oppressed, driven from his native soil by the “gates of hell,” in the preservation of his religion he has enjoyed the sanctuary and the altar as a country and a home. Neither infidelity, heresy, nor schism could ever supplant “the faith once given to the saints.” All trials, and tribulations, anguish, famine, pestilence, expatriation, death, have been endured, all, except apostasy from Christ and His gospel. Although we have to listen betimes to the invectives of heathens and publicans poured out in the Gentile rage against Christian Ireland, it is pleasant to hear the good things that people have to say about us. It is pleasant, therefore, to remember that Ireland’s greatest enemies have been forced again and again to acknowledge that whatever faults and failings may be noticed in a few wanderers from the path of justice scattered about on the outskirts of civilization, no great national blot rests on their social and domestic lives. The voice of Ireland has never called for a divorce court. The voice of Ireland has never cast contempt on the Lord’s own institution of holy matrimony. Not from Ireland has come that scorn for the old—that irreverence for years—that hatred of all religious influences so characteristic of the present day. Not from Ireland has come that degraded idea of womanhood, which would sacrifice the dignity of the mother, and the spotless innocence of the maid on the altar

of a wild recklessness, the sure and awful forerunner of a wilder licentiousness. Not from Ireland have come those fashionable mothers, who care not for children, those fashionable wives who talk to their third and fourth husband whilst the first is living. The Irish have faults, and their parents to the time of Adam to answer for; but as a rule Irish homes are pure; national morality is a real thing; and this blessing is due to that reverence for religion which has always been warmly cherished. This strikes the observation of intelligent and upright men, who gratify their curiosity in researches after the beautiful, the good, and the true. Out of a vast number of impartial testimonies on this score I will be satisfied with one, Mr. Belley, a French gentleman and scholar. In a narrative of his travels the eminent foreigner says of Ireland: “The most remarkable element, the richest and certainly the most full of life, of this land so life full, is the population itself. No European race, that of the Caucasus excepted, can compare with it in beauty. The Irish blood is of a purity and distinction which strikes all strangers with astonishment.”

In Ireland there are as many different physiognomies as individualities. Rags, misery, and manual labor have no effect upon those native endowments. Even beneath the thatched cabin of the poor peasant, in the midst of the potato-field, which yields the sole nourishment, those traits develop themselves with unmistakable vividness. In the most wretched streets of the older quarters of Dublin, the most ideal tintings of the pencil would grow pale before the beauty of the children; and in the crowd which each day passes along the various thoroughfares there is certainly the most magnificent collection of human beings it is possible to meet. The race is as strong as it is handsome,

as vigorous as it is charming, and owes to the fervor of religious faith a domestic morality quite exceptional. All those beauteous young girls, with eyes so pure, foreheads of snowy whiteness, and of stature so commanding, know not even the name of evil. One can clearly see that the blood which flows in their veins has never been vitiated by the misdeeds of preceding generations.

We produce those references to Irish worth without any impulse of clannish egotism, or the vulgar conceit of national adulation. Our motive is to pay the tribute due to Christian Ireland, and thus elicit gratitude for the gifts of heaven, and benediction to Him who condescends to make His name glorious amongst the Gentiles. In the pursuance of such honorable purposes, it is gratifying to notice the repulsion of the howlings of the heathen through the admiration expressed for Ireland by Christians, scholars, and gentlemen. Therefore, we cannot omit a recent testimony of an American gentleman in relation to Ireland, which is a most valuable retort upon the stupid, sordid, and sacrilegious calumniators of "The Holy Isle." In a lecture lately delivered before a crowded audience at Memphis, Tennessee, Mr. Walk, an eminent Protestant minister of the Episcopal denomination, spoke of Ireland, as follows: "My business is to state facts, not to make them. Of course I had ever been taught, in fact, I had read it in the Sunday-school book, that the North of Ireland, which is supposed to be Protestant, is greatly superior to the South of Ireland, which is supposed to be Catholic. Now, I have been through Ireland, from the extreme South to the extreme North, and I aver, upon the honor of a gentleman and a Christian, that a grander fraud than the assumed superiority of the Protestant over the Catholic population of

Ireland was never palmed off upon an innocent and unsuspecting public. It is pitiful when men attempt to coin religious capital out of such material. On the other hand, I saw more squalor, more abject misery, more poverty, and wretchedness in Glasgow and Edinburgh, than in the whole of Ireland put together. Scotland is Protestant; Ireland is Catholic. I say it is my business to state facts as I see them, and not to allow religious prejudice to blind my eyes to the truth. The sun of heaven shines on no fairer land than the South of Ireland. From Mal-low, on the Blackwater, to Cork, on the Lee, it is pure and beautiful as a dream in the heart of a sinless maiden. I saw just two cities in Europe which I should care to live in. One of these is Dundee, in Scotland; the other Cork, in Ireland, with a decided preference for Cork. Everywhere in Ireland I was treated like a gentleman. Never for a single instant was I maltreated by a human being. Comparing the types of female beauty in the various lands I visited, I must say that the Irish ladies are pre-eminently the most beautiful. There is no exaggerating the peerless, queenly beauty of your Irish lady. There are no such complexions in all this world."

When we see so many pages of history darkened by the accumulated calamities that oppressed Ireland during so many generations, it may be asked, "Why has so much woe befallen a nation so Christian, so pure and generous, in return for the great services rendered to religion and civilization?" All perplexity on this score vanishes when the enlightenment of gospel knowledge conducts us beyond the limitations of sensuality, unto a consideration of our relations with the supernatural order. In all that appertains to manly honor, to pure morality, and sincere religion, Ireland is unchanged,



and preserved as an exemplary fact of the greatest importance. It is shown that, not only in the case of particular individuals, but even in a whole nation, the beauty of integrity will not wither in the cold, dreary catacomb; will not pine in the captive's cell; will not perish at the burning stake, nor die out on the martyr's scaffold; but will live imperishably until it smiles in the joyous light of eternal day. Ireland,

inspired by gospel truth, arose bright and glorious to the dignity of "Island of Saints." Until the present time she carries that noble distinction, unblemished and untarnished; and she triumphs in the hope that, like a summer's setting sun in our fair western sky, she will carry it in luminous type into the ocean of eternity, to be recorded in celestial glory.

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### THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

THE daylight's crimson banners in the purple west were furled,  
And night with starry crown was throned above a sleeping world.  
Calm silence with her magic wand came forth with fairy tread,  
Her balm of sweet tranquillity o'er heart and brow to shed.

The slender moon had slowly sunk adown the cloudless sky;  
With moanings drear through leafless trees, the midnight wind swept by,  
When from their lonely peaceful home, to roam the desert wild,  
Went forth from quiet Nazareth, the Mother and her Child.

Why went they forth in that still hour to tread the burning sand,  
To wander far from cherished haunts, to leave the promised land?  
Her Babe lay sleeping on her breast, her heart was filled with fear,  
And Calvary in that dread hour, seemed slowly drawing near.

From man's vain wrath the wanderers fled, but where their footsteps trod,  
There myriad viewless angels bright were worshipping their God;  
And on that Mother's fragile form the dews of night lay chill,  
And in her heart an anguish woke, no earthly power could still.

They passed by slumbering Bethlehem. Alas! upon the morn,  
What shrieks above her murdered babes would on the air be borne;  
Swift o'er the Mother's soul there swept wild waves from Sorrow's flood,  
'Twas for her Child was offered up that baptism of blood.

Suns rose and set, night after night awoke eve's fairest star,  
And weary grew their fainting steps, while rest was yet afar,  
Until the sunlight's golden rays were cast with parting smile  
Upon the stately palms that fringed the darkly-rolling Nile.

Here might they pause, but mournfully unto each exile's heart  
Would morning come with rosy beams, and dewy eve depart  
Afar from every hallowed shrine, and view with voiceless pain  
The temples where idolatry had forged her heaviest chain.

O Mother! when life's shadows dark upon our bright hopes fall,  
And those we've loved too well for earth, lie white beneath the pall,  
Though Joy's bright flowers droop one by one and show the hidden thorn,  
Teach us to bear, O Sinless One, as thou thy grief hast borne.

## ROSE LEBLANC.

## CHAPTER X.

ALICE DE MORLAIX lived with her grandfather in the old castle of La Roche Vidal. Her childhood had passed calmly and peacefully in the midst of the old family pictures, the dismantled halls, and the stately inclosures of the ancient building, whose foundation and part of the walls dated from the middle ages. Among the flowers, the birds, the green hills, and the rural scenes of her native country, she had grown up surrounded by noble traditions, and in the midst of scenery that was imposing without being gloomy. Her heart was full of the love of God, and she had a passionate admiration for the good and the beautiful, and an enthusiastic reverence for the faith of her fathers. Her life was not spent in idleness: prayer, study, work, and the service of the poor and the sick, to which she devoted herself with all the ardor of a young and fervent mind, divided the day, which she always found too short for the sacred duties and the innocent pleasures of her untroubled existence. An expression of peace and serene happiness shone in her face, and there was a wonderful tenderness in her voice, whether she spoke, or sang, or prayed. When she sat reading at her turret window, or at the foot of a spreading oak, her whole soul engrossed by the words which riveted her eyes, she might have been taken for Vittoria Colonna; but when kneeling at the bedside of some dying man, or strewing with white roses the cradle that had been visited by death, while she gently raised the thoughts of the agonized mother to heaven, she seemed more like the angel whom God sends to His elect in their hour of anguish. She

wandered alone over desolate heaths and forests, following the course of the rivulets, or climbing the mountain-sides, strong in her innocence, fearless in her simplicity; like Dryden's milk-white hind,

"She feared no danger, for she knew no sin."

Alice had friends in every cottage, and every hut. The little shepherd boys saluted her when they saw her in the distance. When she went into the village, the children greeted her with shouts of joy; and the very dogs would run to meet her. The love which overflowed her heart was extended even to animals. She might have said, with St. Francis, of Assisi: My brothers the birds, my sisters the bees. Neither were inanimate objects excluded from a place in her affections. She had an almost passionate attachment for the home of her ancestors, the old feudal castle of La Roche Vidal, with its walls cleft by time, and threatening to crumble away; and for the garden where the roses bloomed amid the yews and cypresses, and where the lilacs and snowberries mingled in the spring with the white hawthorn blossoms, and the long clusters of laburnum. There was music for her in every stone, in every tree, in every shrub, and a crowd of childish recollections was attached to each and all of them; to the bench where she made her morning meditation, seated at the foot of a broken statue; to the arbor where she mused in the evening as she watched the setting sun. From thence she would gaze lovingly on the old porch where the poor came every day for bread, on the church steeple and the cross of the burying-ground, on the valley where the breeze swept the undulating corn,



and the vines bent under their rich burdens, and on the sea which bounded the view with a shining line, even as life is bounded by eternity.

"Ah, my dear Alice!" said her grandfather, one evening as he walked up and down the terrace leaning on her arm, "a great many centuries have passed since our ancestors first inhabited this country. It may be a weakness to attach much importance to a name that was once illustrious, and to glorious recollections. They are things that are little thought of in these days. Our ancient walls are despised, and the noble deeds of the past little thought of. But I do not see that we get on any the better for it. I confess to you, my dear child, that my old heart would rejoice with all the strength and all the life that is left in it, if the dream that I have been cherishing now for a year and more were ever to be realized."

Alice answered, with some emotion:

"I am like you, grandpapa; I like the past better than the future. Tell me about your youth . . . about your brother," added she, with some hesitation. "When you relate to me your past life, I seem almost to live through it in thought."

"Well, then, my child, in those fearful days when France was struggling in all the agonies of revolution, my brother and I, as I have often told you, were separated; he followed the bloody phantom called Liberty, while I remained faithful to my father and my standard, and emigrated with him and the rest of our party. André soon became a hot republican, and renounced his family and his rank. I never saw him from the day when he left us to take his seat in the *Assemblée Nationale*."

"Never?" said Alice, sadly.

"Never!" repeated the old baron, who had seated himself on a bench, and was leaning his trembling

hands on his gold-headed stick. A thousand sad reminiscences were crowding into the old man's thoughts. He recalled the days when he and his brother played together under the old chestnut-trees which shaded that same terrace. He seemed to see once more that brother whom he had once so fondly loved, with his fair hair falling over his shoulders, and his blue eyes sparkling with pleasure, as he sat on the stone dolphin in the middle of the fountain in the flower-garden, and called him with joyous shouts of laughter to come and share his sport. His heart was filled with sorrow when he thought of the wrongs, and misfortunes, and disastrous events that had first cooled their affection, and finally destroyed it entirely. As Coleridge says in those beautiful lines:

"They parted, ne'er to meet again;  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining.  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder."

André de Vidal had embraced the cause of the Revolution fanatically. He had leagued himself with the chiefs of the so-called Friends of the People, drawn on by party spirit, and also enticed by the beauty of a young girl, the daughter of one of the most frantic of the Republicans. He had ended by marrying her, thus linking himself, by the closest ties, to one who had voted for the death of the king, and the exile of all the priests who remained true to their religion. When his father, Baron Charles de Vidal, heard this fatal news, he cursed the son who had disgraced his family, and stained his name with dishonor. He never saw him again; nor would he allow André's name to be mentioned in his presence. And when, two years later, the news reached him that his son had died on the scaffold by order of the infamous Lacombe, the Robespierre of Bordeaux, he gave no

sign of grief, nor shed a tear; but from that day he was never seen to smile. He made no inquiries about André's widow, and a son whom he left; and never spoke of them either to his wife or to his eldest son, who had followed him into exile, and who, like his father, tried for a long time to stifle in his heart all remembrance of his brother. Thus, it was not till many years later that a longing came over him to find among André's grandchildren, for his own son had died young, an heir to the name that was so dear to him, and which seemed in danger of becoming extinct. After the death of his wife, of his only daughter, and of his son-in-law, the young Comte de Morlaix, he seemed to have lost all interest in everything but the child that his daughter had placed in his arms when on her deathbed. He was already an old man, though sorrow more than years had aged him, when he began a new life as it were, in seeking to make his little Alice happy. He had unexpectedly recovered possession of the inheritance of his ancestors. An old bailiff had bought the castle of La Roche Vidal, and the property belonging to it at the time of the revolutionary confiscations, and bequeathed them to him during his stay in England. This man, although much attached to the Baron's family, and very conscientious, was strongly imbued with the new and fallacious ideas respecting *the Rights of Man*. He had loved André de Vidal devotedly, almost passionately; and it was generally supposed to have been from conversations with him, and from books which he had lent him, that poor André had imbibed his revolutionary tendencies. Either from remorse, or from real attachment to a family which had loaded his own with favors, he made a will some months before his death, by which he left to the Baron de Vidal the

whole of the property that had formerly belonged to his ancestors. It was just after he had lost, one after the other, nearly all those he loved, that he received the news that his inheritance was restored to him in so unlooked-for a manner. Then the home of his childhood and youth arose before his imagination with an indescribable charm. The idea of transplanting the poor little flower that had budded in a foreign soil to the shadow of those same walls that had sheltered his own childhood, comforted him in the midst of his bitter grief.

"Alice!" he cried, pursuing his reverie aloud, and pressing his grandchild's hand to his breast with the tenderest affection, "Alice, I have watched you grow up, my darling, and become daily more beautiful, amid the recollections of past ages, like that pretty bluebell on our old archway. You have taken root in our valleys and mountains." And the old man pressed her to his heart, whilst she glanced lovingly at the purple moors, and the fields, and hills, and meadows, now gilded by the last rays of the setting sun. "Well, my child," continued he, "whether time changes our ideas, or that sooner or later natural affection will have its way, for the last year I have had the strongest wish to find amongst my brother's children an heir to the name that is so dear to my heart. I would have them near me, so as to occupy myself in some way or other about their future destiny, and to obtain for them a position in society suitable to their rank, should they be worthy of it. The eldest they tell me is married, and lives at Pau. The youngest . . ."

"André," said Alice, in a low voice.

"Yes, it was that young man whom we saw for an instant. I remember your remarking that he seemed superior to his present position. The Curé of St. Jacques and



the Comte de St. Remy were loud in his praises, and Sœur Thérèse, who is his mother's oldest friend." . . .

"Spoke of him in the highest terms," put in Alice, quickly.

"I hear he has lately joined the 3d Regiment of the Line, as a simple private of course; but in our country, thank God, it is no disgrace to wear a uniform, and the sons of some of the noblest families of France have served as conscripts. However that may be, here are two letters which I shall send by to-night's post. One is to André de Vidal, my brother's grandson. In it I have informed him of our relationship, and have told him to ask for leave, and to come here and stay with us a few days. The other is to his Colonel, who is the son of an old comrade of mine, to beg him to grant this leave, and to send him here, if it be only for a day or two; for I long to make acquaintance with my nephew. And, should he prove worthy of his high birth; should his sentiments be lofty enough to match the name he bears; in short, if his character, his disposition. . . . My darling, you must forgive me, for I did not mean to say anything about it, but my secret weighs upon me like a load, and get rid of it I must. Besides, I have got so into the habit of telling you everything. . . Well then, if this André de Vidal should turn out worthy of our esteem and affection; if his appearance and manners. . . ."

"Should answer your expectations and your recollections, grandpapa," broke in Alice, "oh, what happiness it will be for you, and for me, and for everybody! You will have a successor to your name, almost a son, who will lighten all your troubles, and take part in all that interests you. Oh," she continued, clasping her hands and raising her eyes to heaven, "I prayed for this on my knees on the

mountain of Betharam. My God, I thank thee for having heard me."

The Baron was somewhat surprised at her enthusiasm, and said, smiling and taking her hand in his, "Suppose you should be willing to share everything with him some day."

"Oh, there must be no sharing or dividing, grandpapa," she answered quickly. "You have often told me that your predecessors never alienated their lands."

"What am I to say? I must speak plainly if you will not understand. Suppose that some day you were to marry André."

"Oh, I do not see that there is any necessity for that," cried Alice, blushing, "and certainly it is not what I prayed for."

"And do you imagine that I should ever consent to disinherit you; you, my own beloved child, my darling, my treasure? And, besides, I am sure that you could never endure the thoughts of leaving the home where your happy childhood was spent, and where we have lived together in the midst of our poor people, and surrounded by objects that constantly recall the past. No; I would sooner let the name of my ancestors become extinct a thousand times."

"I never will leave you, never quit these ancient walls and this beloved valley; but, as far as I am concerned, I do not care whether I live in a castle or a hovel; whether I am surrounded by gardens or in the middle of a moor; a cottage on the borders of the forest, with plenty of sun and air, and in sight of the turrets of our dear old house, is all the happiness I wish for on this side of heaven: the poor are everywhere; our church, God's dwelling place, is always open; what more can we want to make us happy? You know that I always had a great admiration for the lady St. Francis speaks so much about, his *Madama Poverà*," and

so saying she smiled, and laid her pretty, fair head on her grandfather's shoulder.

"That is all very fine, but it is not to the point," said the Baron, trying to frown; "you know as well as I do that I will never consent to your being deprived of a single rood of this estate, or of a single stone of these ruins; but I confess that if you should approve of my brother's grandson; if he should prove worthy of the destiny that I hope will be his; and, oh, my darling, if I might one day see my great grandchildren playing on this lawn. . . ."

"Castles in the air, grandpapa!" cried Alice, pointing to the clouds which were sailing above them.

"Then you refuse to listen to my projects," said the Baron with a sigh.

"Man proposes," said Alice softly.

"And woman opposes," rejoined the Baron, striking the earth with his stick.

"No, dear grandpapa," she answered, throwing her arms round his neck, "but God ordains."

"May his holy will be done!" added the old man fervently; and putting his arm through Alice's he rose, and they went together towards the castle.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE Baron de Vidal's letters very soon produced their effect. André lost no time in applying for leave, which he obtained without difficulty, started from Bordeaux on a lovely morning in autumn with all the delight of a schoolboy going home for his holidays, and, after a few hours' journey, the diligence set him down at the entrance of a village within a short distance of the castle of La Roche Vidal. Here a path was shown him which led straight through the forest to the gates of the park.

André had been more surprised

than pleased when he received an invitation so unexpected and so flattering to his pride. Hitherto he had lived entirely out of reach of those prejudices of birth and caste which hold persons of a certain class in such complete subjection: and what is very uncommon in these days, he never cared much for a high position in society, nor even for the more material enjoyments which riches afford. The natural indolence of his character, which fault was quite compatible with a certain amount of energy which was latent in his soul, a mind somewhat morbidly inclined to melancholy, and a disposition at once ardent and timid, combined to protect him from the petty cares of a vulgar ambition, while they often exposed him to annoyances of another kind. His dreams of happiness, whether at home in his mother's cottage or in the barracks at Bordeaux, had never gone beyond the idea of a peaceful life with Rose in some rural retreat, where he might pursue his studies in perfect quiet, and of some attempts and perhaps successes in literary achievements, of which he did not wish to hear more than the distant rumor. These desires, which were constantly before his mind, made the life of towns and barracks seem hateful to him. A passionate love for the beauties of nature, a spark of the sacred fire which is called genius only when it reveals itself externally, but which does not the less burn in souls gifted with poetic feeling because it does not find a vent in words or in action, made him detest the simply practical side of life. He despised its pursuits and useful occupants because he had not yet learnt to discern what is really good and great about them.

On emerging from the forest the young soldier beheld spread out before him a vast plain, bounded on one side by the white line of the



sea, and on the other by the snow-crowned tops of the Pyrenees. On the side of the hill, surrounded by magnificent woods which began already to show the warm tints of autumn, appeared the old feudal castle, inhabited by the relations of whose persons, characters, and habits, he had formed so little idea. He felt a little uneasy at the prospect of the first meeting, and began to rack his memory for scenes of a like kind which he had read of in plays and novels, and as he walked along he arranged beforehand what he should say and do when presented by the Baron to his family. But when once he found himself on the threshold of the castle he was fortunate enough to forget all his set speeches and studied gestures. The sight of the massive porch, of the towers festooned with ivy, and of the walls in which time had made more breaches than the fury of contending parties, made a strong impression on him. The scene appeared a familiar one, though he had never set foot on the spot before. The twittering of the birds as they flew hither and thither over his head, the sound of the wind as it sighed through the long arcades in the court-yard, the scent of the wall-flowers as the breeze shook them on the walls, combined to plunge him into a fit of abstraction, from which he did not rouse himself till the castle clock struck five, when for the first time he thought of presenting himself at the door. The old servant, who had been told the name and the relationship of the young soldier who was expected, bowed low, and showed him into a room on the ground floor, whose only furniture consisted of some family portraits, and a few arm-chairs, surmounted by coats of arms, for the most part broken. André went to the window which looked out upon a garden filled with flowers. The somewhat desolate grandeur of the room, the per-

fumed air, the silence, the complete contrast, in short, with the scenes he had left only that morning, impressed him deeply. He had had much to bear since entering the army, where his tastes, his feelings, and ideas were perpetually chafed and irritated. The refinement of his nature showed itself now, and he felt that he was born to live the life of those among whom he had now come. His reflections were soon interrupted by the Baron, whose voice was heard on the terrace, and immediately after the door opened.

"Where is he? Come here, that I may embrace you, my dear boy." This was the uncle's reception; a few inarticulate words, which were stifled by this paternal embrace, were the only reply of the nephew. "Come out of doors," said the Baron, leading André towards the garden; "we shall talk more comfortably under the shade of these great trees, than with all those grand gentlemen in wigs, and powdered fine ladies staring at us," added he, pointing to the portraits of his ancestors. As he leant on his nephew's arm, he thought, "What a nice-looking youth, and how like my poor brother!" while André, who was delighted at the loving reception his uncle had given him, was saying to himself, "What a fine-looking old man, what a benevolent countenance!" The old royalist noble, and former emigrant, and the youth of twenty-two, who, till he joined his regiment at Bordeaux, had never left his mother's cottage on the Pyrenees, soon got into conversation. André's answers to the Baron's numerous questions showed him to be intelligent and full of good feeling. The good humor and cheerfulness which reigned in his uncle's words and manner soon put him quite at his ease, and it was perhaps the first time that he had ever felt thoroughly so. It sometimes hap-

pens, by one of those inexplicable chances which produce the most striking contrasts between persons who have been brought up under the same conditions and influences, that one member of a family finds himself almost a stranger to his own relations as well as to his companions and neighbors. It had been thus with André. His good qualities and his faults contributed equally to keep him in a constant reserve with those among whom he lived. He possessed a great deal of tact, which, with an innate good breeding, and a natural and genuine love of the beautiful in whatever form it might present itself, gave a certain shade of seriousness and refinement to his character, and supplied in great measure the defects in his education, which after all did not amount to much more than a certain ignorance of the conventionalities of society; and as to education, he was at least as well informed as most young men in the upper classes. Every now and then, while talking to his uncle, he would let fall some observation which showed how thoroughly he enjoyed the sight of the views that met his eye on every side: the picturesque outlines of the old castle, the thatched roofs of the village half concealed by luxurious clusters of ivy and jessamine, the river winding along the valley through the rich meadows, the forests of oak and chestnut whose tops, gilded by the last rays of the sun, seemed to stretch like a sea of verdure from the mountains to the ocean. The Baron enjoyed the young man's enthusiasm, and said, striking the ground with his stick, "The De Vidals have always had the greatest love for this country, and my granddaughter is quite faithful to the traditions of the family on that score. She would not exchange one of these trees, nor one of those cottages, for all the gold or all the palaces in the

world." As he spoke a confused sound of approaching footsteps was heard, and joyous shouts of laughter pealed from the road under the terrace where they were sitting. "There she is with her troop of brats, I'll wager," said the Baron, "they follow her like her shadow." He was right, and the next instant Alice de Morlaix appeared at the end of the avenue leading to the castle, accompanied by a whole army of children of all sizes, who capered round her with shouts and gambols. This playful and noisy party, these little creatures who pressed round her with their bright colors, their hair streaming in the wind, and their animated gestures, contrasted strongly with Alice's tall and slender figure, her slow and graceful step and delicate coloring. They seemed like a swarm of butterflies fluttering about a stately lily. The elder ones ran on before, the little ones clung to her dress, and all offered her flowers which they had gathered by the roadside.

"Thanks, thanks!" cried she, laughing. "I have got plenty for one day. See, the swallows are going to bed, and so is the sun; you too must be off to your nests, my little birds;" and as she spoke she unfastened a door in the garden wall which opened on the village green, and the merry troop bounded towards the village shouting and leaping.

"Here she comes," said the Baron, in a low voice, as Alice approached the bench on which he was sitting with his nephew. He had just been praising her to André; her name was almost always on his lips. He could not help speaking of what was next his heart, and could never keep a wish or a project to himself; perhaps he had never tried much to conquer this inveterate frankness, in any case he had not succeeded. As he said, "Here she comes," André also



murmured, "Here she comes," for he instantly recognized the young girl he had seen, though but once, in the market-place at Pau; and of whom he had so lively a recollection. He had often recalled her kind glance and sympathizing words on the day when he was tempted to curse his fate, and had often seen her in his dreams. When meditating on the legends of some saint of the middle ages, or imagining the history of some Christian queen of old, he always seemed to see the face of the beautiful stranger, whose name he had not been able to discover. The adoration which he paid to this transient vision did no wrong, he thought, either to the object of it or to his betrothed; and if any one had reproached him with this ideal and poetical infidelity, or if his own heart had reproved him for it, he would probably have answered in the spirit, if not in the words of Shakspeare:

"It were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star,  
And think to wed it, she is so above me."

But now, by one of the strange caprices of chance, or rather by one of the mysterious designs of Providence, he was brought in contact with the vision of his dreams at the very moment when a new future seemed to be opening to him. The Baron made his granddaughter sit down beside him, and with one hand drew her close to him, while he held André's hand in the other.

"My children," he said, in a voice which trembled with emotion, "at last I am happy! How pleasant it is to wipe out painful reminiscences and thus to renew the good old traditions of the past! We are old acquaintances already, Alice," added he, pointing to André; "we have been talking for nearly an hour, and we now know each other as well as if we had always lived together."

André looked at Alice without venturing to speak to her; but life,

which till then had appeared cold and dull and monotonous, now seemed clothed with a thousand bright tints, whose radiance eclipsed the recollections of the past just as the first rays of the morning sun dissipate the vague fancies of a dream. At dinner, and during the evening, the Baron never ceased questioning the young soldier about his family, his studies, his projects, and his hopes. The modesty of his replies, and a certain amount of originality in his remarks, the poetic turn of his ideas, and the refinement of his language, were not unnoticed by Alice, who, though she did not take much part in the conversation, showed by her expressive glances, and by the interest with which she listened, that it was not lost upon her. This sympathy of hers did not escape the notice either of André or of her grandfather, and the first evening seemed very short to them all: André's week of leave went by very rapidly likewise. A week is soon passed, but often there are days in a man's life, in the life of his soul rather, which tell more upon him than years. During those beautiful bright autumn days, surrounded by grand and sunny landscapes, and in constant intercourse with beings as good and amiable as Alice and her grandfather, André learnt something that neither books nor solitary meditation had been able to teach him, namely, the secret of true happiness. Alice would have taught him this lesson in a garret, in a prison, or a desert, anywhere where she could have opportunities of showing forth the gifts with which God had endowed her; but in the midst of riches and happiness, with a cloudless sky above her, and surrounded by all that is beautiful in nature, her character struck the imagination with still greater force. Ah! how many more people might be happy in this world, and how easily might the thirst which is constantly raging in the

heart of man be assuaged, if the way to true happiness could only be discerned by those whose passions and prejudices lead them to prefer the dreadful weariness which is forever devouring so many hearts, and the miserable restlessness of an existence without object, to the perfect rest and harmony of a well-directed life.

André experienced now, for the first time, the delight of coming in contact with a mind that could not only understand and sympathize with his own, but was capable of guiding and sustaining it. He used to tell Alice of his intellectual pursuits, and his heart, which was well-nigh frozen from lack of sympathy, would warm almost to enthusiasm, as he watched her whole countenance brighten when they spoke of the true and the beautiful. It is pleasant to return to life after a long sickness, and to feel one's strength revive under the influences of warm sunshine and soft breezes; but what is that enjoyment compared to that of a heart which is suddenly filled with new energy, and a will which is animated by noble thoughts and high resolves? In their long walks together through the woods and fields; in the evenings spent in conversation whilst Alice worked at some church vestment, the golden threads of which shone brightly in the light of the lamp round which they sat, or while André read aloud from some of his favorite books; in the church where they knelt together every morning at Mass; in the cottages where he watched her speaking to the poor and the sick with that tender and reverential love which comes neither from philanthropy nor benevolence, but solely from Christian charity, he became more and more penetrated with the spirit which ruled all her thoughts and actions. Sometimes they explored together the deserted halls of the castle, and Alice would tell her cousin the

victories of those of their ancestors who had distinguished themselves by their bravery, their virtues, or their misfortunes. One day they stopped opposite the picture of Baron Charles de Vidal, the great-grandfather of both, and André asked in a hesitating voice, "Were you ever told how that man cursed his son? That son was my grandfather, and that is why we have been so long exiled in a poor village, cast off and forgotten till the day" . . . .

"When my grandfather overcame all hereditary resentments, and listened to the voice of justice and affection," interrupted Alice. "Ah," she continued, "we must forgive our ancestor for his seeming harshness to a son whose death was the cause of his own, so dearly did he love him; and if he shed no tear for him, neither was a smile ever seen again on his lips from the day that the news reached him. A voice that he took for that of duty stifled within him the voice of nature, but nature had her revenge, and the struggle broke his heart. Sorrow takes an immense hold on minds like his."

"You have a great admiration for energetic characters," said André, with a smile that was half sad. "I have noticed it several times. A strong and resolute will finds more favor in your eyes even when in fault, than in a well-meaning weakness. Is not this so?"

"I do not deny it," replied she, "though I am not sure that the feeling is a right one; for instance, I am more disposed to admire the conversion of the Innominato than the goodness of Don Abbondio," added she, smiling (they had just been reading some of the most striking passages in that wonderful romance of Manzoni's "*I promessi Sposi*"). "And besides, life is so short, that one must have a certain amount of energy in order not to spend half of it in doing nothing."



"Life short?" cried André; "it has always seemed long enough to me."

"Do you mean to say that you have ever found your time pass heavily?" said Alice, smiling slyly.

"I do indeed: there are some days when study, reading, even conversation, are wearisome, and my duties become perfectly unbearable. What would you have me do against weariness in those times of moral lassitude?"

"I would have you fight against it with an ardor that would scarce leave you time to breathe. A soldier, when engaged in a life and death struggle with an enemy, feels very differently to what he does in barracks or at a review; and on the field of battle he may suffer or he may die, but he will not experience anything approaching to ennui. Do you know, André, that this weariness of which you complain is neither more nor less than cowardice?"

"Say rather that it is a disease; the disease of poets and artists."

"Oh, that is a calumny!" exclaimed Alice, laughing. "I never will believe that poetry and art, those children of heaven, are cursed with such a sad appendage. I maintain, on the contrary, that it is a sign of mediocrity, or, at all events, of a genius that knows neither its rights nor its duties."

"What do you mean by its rights and duties?"

"The right of showing the straight path to others; the duty of never leading them away from it."

"You must have read a great deal, and thought still more."

"I don't think I have read nearly as much as you have, and my reflections are not very profound," replied Alice, blushing; "and I am utterly ignorant of all that concerns what is called the world."

"Nevertheless you teach me, and you raise the tone of my ideas."

Alice was silent; she did not like

to give utterance to all she was thinking of. However, after a minute's hesitation, she said, "André, have you ever reflected that all gifts of the soul, as well as all powers of the intellect, come directly from God? and do you ever beg of Him, when you are reading or writing, to enlighten your understanding, and to guide your pen?"

"But I have never written anything of importance. Only a few light sketches and stories, and some scraps of poetry."

"Never mind," cried Alice, impetuously. "The dew of heaven is as much needed for the flowers of the garden as for the crops of the field. Believe me, there is nothing unimportant before God. All is great in His eyes, even to the gift of a cup of cold water, as the Gospel tells us. An Ave Maria lisped by childish tongues is often more powerful than all the powers of earth and hell."

"You have read that somewhere."

"Oh, yes, I have read it; but reading alone will not teach one these things: one must study and know the hearts of men."

"And yet just now you said you knew nothing about the world and about men."

"Well, it is both true and untrue. As for the world, or what goes by the name of society, I have never lived in it and know nothing about it; but as regards our honest, simple, religious peasants, by dint of loving them I have learnt to read their hearts. When listening to words full of faith and hope from the lips of the sorrowful and the dying, when witnessing many an inward strife, and applauding many a hard-won victory, I often say to myself that there is no happiness on earth like that of being a 'Catholic Christian,' as was once said by the mother of St. Augustine."

"Yes; it must be so for souls as perfect as yours," added André, with emotion.

"Ah, it is not a question of perfection!" cried Alice, clasping her hands and gazing upwards. "Which of us would dare to call himself happy if it were so? No, it is enough if we are really in earnest. The angels sang of old, and the Church sings to this day, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.'" As she finished speaking, she became conscious of her own enthusiasm, and in some confusion hastily took leave of André, and ran down the great staircase of the castle, at the foot of which a little troop of "God's poor," as they are called in some parts of France, awaited her. André's eyes followed her with an indescribable feeling of respect and admiration. It seemed to him as if her enthusiasm had kindled a fire in his soul, and he felt suddenly filled with courage, and with a desire to follow the path which she had pointed out to him. He looked upon her as an angel who had come from heaven to show him the upward way.

On the day preceding that on which André's leave would expire, the Baron took him aside, and told him of the plans he had formed for him. He wished him to leave the service, and to enter some profession more congenial to his tastes than the army. In the course of this conversation, he let fall some significant words which caused the greatest agitation in André's mind, and added to a trouble, the effect of which on his spirits he had found it more and more difficult to conceal. During the first few days of his stay at the castle for the first time in his life, André had been perfectly happy; but this happiness was not destined to last, and before long he became miserable, and that from a cause which was soon evident to himself. Alice had appeared to him not only as the angel of his most cherished dreams, but as the earnest and the dawn of a

new future, which entirely eclipsed the prospect of rustic retirement which had formerly been his idea of earthly happiness; and Rose, the poor little flower that had so long brightened the moral captivity of his obscure existence, no longer inspired him with any feeling save that of simple gratitude. "What am I to do?" he said to himself twenty times a day, ever since he became aware of the change that had come over him. "What am I to do, or to think, or to say?" His natural impulse would have been to have recourse to Alice in this as in every other difficulty, sure that in following her advice, he should also follow the dictates of duty and of honor; but his present dilemma was one in which he dare not and could not consult her. During the last evening that they spent together he was gloomy, absent, and almost morose. His looks, his actions, and even his voice, showed that he was suffering from some acute mental pain. He passed a sleepless night, was unable to rise in the morning, and before long was seriously ill. At one moment he was thought to be in danger, and the Baron talked of writing to his family, but just as he was about to do so the disease took a favorable turn, and he was soon pronounced convalescent. The Baron, who already loved him as if he had been his own son, was then able to give up his incessant journeys to and from André's bedside to Alice's sitting-room. He celebrated this happy recovery by a shooting expedition, in the course of which the old keeper, who had been faithful to his master through all the trials of the Revolution, and through long years of exile, seized the opportunity to touch upon a question which had begun greatly to occupy the minds of the Baron's "*family*," as the Italians call those old servants who are almost the household gods of a great house. An-



dré's arrival had given them all the greatest delight. He bore a name which was very dear to them, and he was tall and handsome, and well made. They had also discovered in him a striking likeness to the pictures of Baron Charles de Vidal, who was reckoned the handsomest man of his day, and the greatest sportsman in the whole country. This was enough to excite a general sympathy for him in the place, and by one consent he was pointed out as the future husband of Mdle. de Morlaix, of whom nobody but a De Vidal was worthy in their estimation.

"How fortunate it is," said the old keeper, as he loaded his master's gun, "that M. le Baron has a granddaughter of Mdle. Alice's age, and a grand nephew of M. André's! it seems as if God had arranged it on purpose."

"Hold your tongue, you old chatterbox," answered the Baron, giving him a friendly blow on the shoulder, "and look after your hares and partridges."

This was enough to make the good old man go off quite elated, to state in the servants' hall how he and M. le Baron had been talking over the marriage that was to take place between Mdle. Alice and M. de Vidal. On the strength of this news, the cook felt inclined to begin preparations for the wedding breakfast that very evening.

Ever since his illness, André had established himself daily on a seat near the turret where Alice spent her mornings, and pursued her various occupations, with a diligence and fervor which showed that she was actuated by some higher principle, and governed by a law more powerful than that of mere habit or impulse. André loved to watch her, whether reading or writing, or working, as from time to time she raised her eyes to heaven, just as a child at its lessons looks up smiling in its mother's face. Himself un-

seen, he observed her actions and the varying expressions of her countenance. She was continually interrupted in her occupations: servants, children, poor people, all sought her when they wanted help, advice, or sympathy, but not a shade of annoyance or impatience ever crossed her sweet face. Late in the day she would come and sit beside André, and then she would read to him, or talk to him about the habits and the wants of the people of the surrounding country, as to one who would one day live among them. Sometimes she would relate to him the pious legends, or the historical traditions which were still preserved among them; and then, with gentle diffidence, intelligent kindness, and that genuine interest which is so rarely to be met with, and so impossible to assume, she would lead him on to recite some of his compositions, and to tell her of his literary projects, thus encouraging him to give a tangible form to ideas which till then had remained vague and undeveloped for want of the sympathy which could call them forth. Ah! if there be a natural quality which deserves to be reckoned a virtue, it is surely that which leads men to encourage in others all that may tend to sweeten existence, by raising the soul, by softening the character, and instilling the spirit of self-denial. How many an unkind word, cold glance, and cruel silence, will be judged with severity, on the same day that the mite of the poor, and the cup of cold water given for the love of God, will receive their reward!

André watched the days go by, and felt his strength returning with a sort of despair. He dared look neither into the past nor the future. Sometimes he would reproach himself bitterly with his involuntary unfaithfulness to Rose; then he would accuse himself of coldness and ingratitude, and try in vain to recall the vanished illusions of a

transient tenderness long since departed. Rose now appeared to him only in the light of an obstacle to happiness, greater than anything he had hitherto conceived, the bare idea of which transported him with a joy that he could not repress. For he felt that Alice was not quite insensible to the feelings which he expressed almost every instant by the looks and words which escaped him in spite of himself. She seemed to appreciate the delicacy of a love that was both timid and proud; and in the proofs of friendship which she gave him, André thought he saw dawning signs of a feeling that one day might grow into love. As to the Baron, his whole heart was set upon effecting the union of his two children, as he called them. This marriage had been the object of his dearest hopes since the day when André first came to the castle, and he had at last decided upon speaking openly to him on the subject. This he resolved to do on the day before that on which André was to rejoin his regiment; accordingly, as soon as breakfast was over, he proposed a shooting expedition. "Now that you are off the sick list," said he, "suppose you come out and help me to kill some game for the farewell dinner that I

expect you to give to your comrades before you leave Bordeaux. When we come in, I will show you some letters and papers which relate to that affair. The Colonel tells me that he is pushing matters on as much as possible, and that he expects that you will very soon be at liberty to leave the service; but in the meanwhile, I want to talk to you openly about the future. At my age it is very hard to part with those we love, and we try not to lose a moment of happiness that must so soon pass away: my life is very near its close, and I long to be able to lie down and say, 'Lord, I am ready; I have nothing more to do here below.'"

André took the old man's hand and pressed it to his lips with the utmost respect and tenderness. While his uncle was speaking, he had turned red and pale by turns, and kept saying to himself in the greatest trepidation, "What shall I answer if he should question me, and seek to probe the secrets of my heart?" His good angel suggested a very simple answer, one that has often smoothed greater difficulties than his—two words which solve many a complicated question—*the truth*.

(To be continued.)

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WHY all this toil for triumphs of an hour?  
 What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?  
 Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies;"  
 And "Dust to dust" concludes the noblest song.



## LET THERE BE LIGHT.

WE mean no profanity. Our excuse for the heading we have selected must be that we have to deal with an institution managed almost entirely, say the guardians, through moral suasion and pure gospel truth. Within the last five years attention has been called in various States to the real or supposed abuses existing in houses of refuge, reformatories, protecto-rates, or whatever you please to call establishments in which juvenile delinquents are kept. As a rule, these investigations amounted to little less than a complete exposure of every institution brought under examination, while the revelations in some cases amounted to really appalling sensations. We have a supreme horror for sensations, and are in no way prepared to furnish one to the public. But, while abhorring the sensational, we must not be prevented from asking, in a general way, if there is not something more required in the management of such State or private refuges than can be culled from the published reports of these institutions. To undertake a general review of such documents would be a work calling for much more time, though not for more interest, than we could devote to such a work at present. We know how hard it is to get at the truth when *reports* are listened to, but we can scarcely be accused of undue tampering with the dignity of the trustees of an institution when their own published Reports are taken as the standard of our researches. We might take up the greater portion of the March issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD with a mere sketch of the rumors abroad in reference to the House of Refuge in St. Louis, or the equally noto-

rious establishment in Baltimore, or the intermediate Home for Boys, bearing the same title, in New York. But we shall not do so, nor will it be necessary to seek the distant hunting-grounds of the West; nor the pleasant surroundings of the Catonsville road, in the Monumental City, for a proper subject for our researches. For the present we shall limit ourselves to a glance at the FORTY FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE HOUSE OF REFUGE, WITH THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE TREASURER, THE ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE SUPERINTENDENTS, &c. PHILADELPHIA: Published by order of the CONTRIBUTORS. 1873.

It is permitted us to premise that this report was submitted for approval, and that as far as it could be made acceptable to the public, it was so rendered by the compilers, or writers, as you choose to call them. May we be allowed to ask the Refuge scribe how an "Annual Report" could be gotten up *without* the statement of the Treasurer, &c., though from the title-page of the pamphlet under review, the former is a distinct affair, the latter only added? Or have the managers done the "pretty talk," while the Treasurer has told us what becomes of the funds? We turn a leaf or two and come to the "Officers and Employees of the House of Refuge." Here we have exactly thirty-eight persons engaged in the White Department. This means, we presume, the department where boys *once white* are received. Those who visit on reception days, or when travelling troupes give entertainments at the Refuge, may find the white boys true to their color, but we are prepared to state from observation,

that many of the lads, on days when friends of youth visit the institution, are far from being as neat as might be expected. Anyhow, there is no deficiency in the number of overseers, and probably if a resolution be not passed against prying strangers, we may hereafter be better pleased with the neatness of the boys. It will be easier to get near the water, shortly. In the colored department twelve persons watch over the interests of the lately emancipated.

Next in order we have the "standing committees," in which the same person is made to act in four or five different capacities. A friend of ours has explained this to us by calling our attention to the fact that these are *standing* committees. We hold ourselves corrected, and blush for our want of acuteness.

We have as yet but scanned the first pages of the Report, and lest we should be considered harshly disposed, we shall proceed at once to the part where the managers speak for themselves. The Report opens by stating that "when the House of Refuge was founded, it was hoped that many erring and neglected children would be reclaimed, and by judicious moral and religious training, rendered industrious, useful, and virtuous citizens. As more than forty and four years have passed since this school was opened, the questions may well be asked, Has the fair promise held out been realized? Have the just expectations of the public been answered?"

"The managers can unhesitatingly answer the questions affirmatively, and state that they have good reason to believe that two-thirds of those young persons, placed under their guardianship, and who were allowed to remain under their care a proper time, became respectable citizens."

We have no doubt that the managers *can* answer a great many

questions affirmatively; the debatable part is, *should* they? We have a few questions to ask, and sincerely trust that they may be answered.

The Report proceeds then to dispose of the religious question as solved in the Refuge. Speaking of the inmates, it says:

"Necessary as their physical and literary education is, their moral training is considered far more important. To it unceasing attention is given. Every morning and evening they have social worship, and on Sundays they receive religious instruction in the chapels and Sunday-schools. The managers here tender their acknowledgments to the clergymen and other friends who kindly officiate in the chapels; and to the teachers of the Sunday-schools, whose acceptable services are so kindly and gratuitously rendered. No sectarian instruction is permitted."

How in the name of common sense can "unceasing" attention be given to the religious training where "no sectarian instruction is allowed." Taking the word sectarian as generally understood by Protestants, we ask does the paragraph above quoted mean that Rev. Mr. Tallman can teach that Christ is a mere man, on Monday; Mr. Sweepman that the sacraments are all humbug, on Tuesday; while Mr. Graveyard asserts that the resurrection of the body is a myth, on Wednesday; Mr. Stonehouse being satisfied to call in on Thursday just to say that every man shall be rewarded according to his works, leaving the chair of-theology on Friday to Mr. Tyng, who will indorse the doctrine that "hanging is played out," while Mr. Tweezer is waiting for his turn on Saturday to assure his little flock that good works are "like lice on a dead skin," it being permitted the reverends of the country to step in on Sunday, accompanied by their



evangelizing friends—priests and lay Catholics excepted—to instil into the tender hearts of those who are not old enough to think for themselves, that all religions are alike, provided we do what is right, and act according to our belief; or with the Spring Garden preacher, that “we can’t get along without God, and we can’t see how God can get along without us!!” Do the managers mean to say no sectarian instruction is allowed when their own Report for 1873 expressly states:

“To the clergy who conduct our religious services in the chapel; the Sabbath-school teachers who instil religious truths into the hearts of our children; the officers generally for the faithful performance of duty; and to the Board of Managers, for their advice and counsel, I return my thanks.”—*Jesse K. McKeever.*

Are these clergy not attached to some sect, and if they teach anything, must it not be that form of Gospel interpretation in which they believe? If this be not sectarian teaching what is meant by sectarian instruction?

In keeping with the assertions above quoted from the Report, is the following:

“A well-selected library is a source of intellectual pleasure and mental culture. All the inmates who can read have ready access to it.”

We ask as a citizen, and we have a right to demand that the managers of this Refuge will give us a list of the “well-selected” books in this library. This can be done through any of the public journals of the city, and if this be not done, then we shall either call personally or send a friend who will procure such list, and the full title of every work, or at least selections from some of the principal books, shall be made public. Let the following extract tell how well (carefully?) this library is preserved


from popish influence by the managers. We take it from the *Philadelphia Catholic Standard* of the 15th of March.

“Through conversations with an employee of the House of Refuge, I have learned that two-thirds of the inmates are the children of Irish Catholic parents. I have more than once attempted, through this acquaintance, to furnish some of these Catholic children with devotional pictures or books, that they might serve as reminders of their early religious instructions. *My efforts were always repelled—‘all books, &c., must be approved by the Board’*—and my auditor showed no inclination to be the bearer of any such literature.” . . . .

Though we once visited this institution, we were not invited to see the library, and cannot say more than that we are quite sure it is not what it ought to be where “two-thirds of the inmates” are reported “the children of Irish Catholic parents.”

The next paragraph which attracts our attention in the Report reads: “Very neat and appropriate shops have been constructed, at a cost of thirteen thousand eight hundred and eighty-two dollars and thirty-five cents.”

We have visited these “very appropriate” workshops. Not a single picture breaks the monotony of the walls, save a few woodcut caricatures, taken, no doubt, by the boys from some of those papers which are so “well-selected.” We did indeed notice a few scriptural texts on the walls, printed in the darkest possible tints, and adding double force to the already morose character of the scriptural selections. Besides these quotations we noticed a placard, which, as nearly as we can recollect, reads thus:

 VISITORS ARE REQUESTED  
NOT TO CONVERSE WITH THE BOYS.

What superlative stupidity! Is it thus that young lads are to be encouraged? Are they to be fed, clothed, and taught, in part at the public expense, and shall not a visitor be allowed to ask how they are treated, if they are contented, and many other questions which an interested party would not fail to ask on the occasion of such a visit as we made, and as many others, we hope, will make, to satisfy themselves of the truth of the assertions we now make? Mr. Barclay, from whose report we have been principally quoting, cannot refuse the authority of Mr. Laverty, his companion in the Refuge, who says what exactly suits our purpose and corroborates our appeal that the boys have fair play and "free speech:"

"But by such deprivation are we finding our way to the heart and affections of childhood? And, if we do not reach the heart and affections, if we do not awaken the moral emotions, what have we gained by our intellectual dogmas? I believe we do best *for* the young and *by* the young when we go back again to childhood, and, entering into its sympathies, gain its love."

We have several marked paragraphs still to notice, and perceive our time rapidly passing. We should like an explanation of the following:

"A knowledge of this business (shoemaking) is of great value to the girls, as it enables them after they leave here to realize a liberal sum for their labor. It has also an elevating tendency, for those employed in this kind of industry rank higher in the social scale than the mere domestic of the kitchen."

It is something very illogical, in our mind, to assert that it is more honorable to prepare a covering for the feet than to cook in an agreeable manner the food which has so much to do with our physi-

cal happiness. As well might it be asserted that the glassblower who furnishes the bottles "ranks higher in the social scale" than the druggist who with the nicest dexterity and scientific accuracy fills them with various analyses. As far as remuneration and comfort are concerned, we do not think that any sewing-girl can realize as handsome wages with so many free hours at her command as that scarcest of family commodities, a good lady cook; and as for the healthfulness of the occupations, the latter is infinitely superior to the former. But one of the most astonishing assertions contained in the Report is thus unconsciously worded:

"When all was ready, the transfer of a number of boys to the western side was made. They comprise those under fifteen years of age, and are not so vicious as the older ones."

We do not think injustice is done the Refuge by supposing that the older boys have been longest in the establishment. Does this account for their being "more vicious?" What, then, of all the unsectarian instruction given? Apparently there is a contradiction somewhere.

Next comes an elaborately constructed paragraph, which we copy entire:

"In addition to the statistical tables, which embrace the general operations of the Institution, it may be proper to present a few items of information which no statistics embrace and no figures convey. Notwithstanding the long existence of the Institution and the earnest efforts of the Board to circulate correct information, great ignorance in regard to the object, end, and design of the Institution still prevails. To all under whose eye this report may fall, I would say, and I hope they will circulate the information, this Institution is not a *penal colony*, where every inmate bears on his brow the legal



brand, "thief, incorrigible, lawless." True, our doors are wide open to those unfortunate children of vice, through whose parental influence they have been taught, or by whose criminal neglect they have been left to seek a living, however precarious, even at the expense of truth and honesty. It is true, also, that the young vagrant finds protection under the broad mantle of our charity. Still this is not a 'penal colony,' where laws, as inflexible as the Mede and Persian, are the patrons of discipline.

"The friendless, though parents still live; the homeless—though no fault of theirs, constitute a large portion of our inmates. Hence unfortunate innocence as well as unfortunate crime, finds a shelter from the storm. The one to protect and guard against crime; the other to reform and lead out of crime. The central idea of the Institution is, a home, where God and humanity are recognized, and wherein the relative duties of humanity to Deity and to itself are inculcated."—*J. Hood Laverty*.

It is indeed strange that after "forty and four" years of instruction the public should still be ignorant of the following facts:

1. This Refuge is not a *penal colony*, though, as in the severest State-prisons, the boys are forced to attend a public worship which their conscience abhors, and they are confined in cells at night like common jail-birds.

2. "The young vagrant finds protection under the broad mantle of our (their) charity," and "the standard of good order is much higher and maintained with much less severity than formerly." WITH MUCH LESS SEVERITY! In what previous Report was this much greater severity acknowledged?

3. "The central idea of the Institution is, a home, where God and humanity are recognized, and

wherein the relative duties of humanity to Deity and to itself are inculcated," though "no sectarian instruction is permitted," and the children are taught their relations to their fellow-men by being forbidden to talk to gentlemen or ladies who visit the institution.

4. Here boys are not branded as "thief, incorrigible, lawless," though from the staff of officers or employees we see there is not a boy that can be trusted with the care of the coach and horses, a paid servant being required for this work where full-grown boys' help may be had.

Next we are informed that "the day schools, under the care of the present corps of female teachers, are doing well. Apart from the question of progress now, and that of two years ago, which I think has been decided favorable to the present system." . . . With all due respect to the writer of the above, we say that his ignorance of the ordinary rules of construction in the English language renders him unfit to form a correct opinion of the justice or injustice done to scholars in so ordinary a branch of a common education as grammar.

Take this paragraph as an instance:

"The Board of Managers is averse to the discharge, from the Institution, of inmates who have not, at least, attained a fair knowledge of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, but among those committed here, there are some whose minds being weak; they are not susceptible of much advancement in letters, and others are discharged under peculiar circumstances, without having remained in school a sufficient time to have made any progress."

We assure our readers that the above is punctuated and given precisely as found in the Report for 1873. This paragraph, and the rhetorical clipping about what "this institution is not," would be

enough to destroy any junior's chances at an examination for a position as teacher in the smallest village in Pennsylvania or New Jersey.

"I sometimes think," says Mr. Laverty, "we may err greatly in training the young for God and the welfare of society." It must be a dreadful mistake, in an institution where the central idea is "a home, where God and humanity are recognized," to train the young "for God and the welfare of society." Perhaps Mr. Laverty meant to say that "we may err greatly" while "training the young for God, &c.;" but gentlemen who talk by order of the managers, should say exactly what they mean.

In the published list of committees, we do not notice one whose existence we strongly suspect, judging from the flattering obituary notices given. Were the "Committee of Mutual Admiration" organized, no difficulty would be found in carrying out its "central idea."

We trust that the managers will take in good part these remarks, suggested entirely by their own Report, which they have requested us, in common with other citizens and friends, to circulate among the people, that all may know what "this institution is not." . . . .

If spared for another year, we shall take the greatest pleasure in reviewing the Report for 1874, when we trust that "sectarian instruction" will be allowed, "less severity" be needed, the right of free speech not refused to American citizens visiting the Refuge, and the grammar and general make-up of the new Report more in keeping with a "common English education" than we have found the pamphlet for 1873. Should all these good results, or even a portion of them be secured, the managers, Messrs. Barclay and Laverty included, may exclaim: We learn by what we suffer.

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## THE STORY OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

### I.

THE thoughts which, at the present day, the name of California calls up are very different from those of contemplation and the cloister. Gold in an abundance unknown since the days of Cortez and Pizarro, a wild rush of men from every land in its pursuit, cities springing up as if by magic in the wilderness, and life and law alike set at naught in the struggle for wealth—such are the ideas which the mention of California makes to flit before the mind. The writer who would set forth the wondrous results achieved by modern civilization, finds his readiest illustration in her name, and the

same name unfortunately serves his purpose equally well as the type of lawlessness and unbridled passions. But nothing could well be more alien to the thoughts which it suggests than the idea of the self-sacrifice and poverty of the monastic life.

Nevertheless, few lands have their history so closely identified with that of the religious orders as this classic region of gold and crime. A Jesuit was the first that planned its colonization. Franciscan friars consecrated its earliest settlements; and the conversion of its natives was the great motive that brought civilization to its soil. For more than sixty years the community of



goods of the Christians of Jerusalem was revived in its missions, and the lowest races of the North American continent enjoyed in them a material well-being unknown then and now to the toilers of European cities. The devotion and disinterestedness of its first apostles form a nobler title for California than the wealth of her mines or the energy of the new race that has made her soil its own. Nor was their work done in a remote part, or only chronicled by the testimony of partial friends. The converts of the earliest missionaries have not yet all passed away. Men scarcely yet old have witnessed the prosperity of their "reductions," and their churches and dwellings, too often indeed deserted, but still intact, yet dot the face of California. Protestant and Catholic, friend and foe alike, have borne witness to their virtues, and deplored the inhuman policy which overthrew their work and rewarded their lifelong toils with robbery and exile.

The settlement of Upper California followed closely on the iniquitous suppression of the Order of Jesus. Charles the Third of Spain, who ordered that measure, was nevertheless anxious for the propagation of the Faith among his Indian subjects; and it is not unlikely that some degree of remorse for his deed stimulated him to fresh exertions in that cause. Like some liberal Catholics of the present day, the Spanish monarch seems to have wished to serve the cause of the Church where it did not interfere with his own theories, and the benefits which had accrued to the American colonies from the missions were too important to escape the notice of even an Aranda. Accordingly, the Inspector General of Mexico, Galvez, the officer charged with the commission of seizing the Jesuits in that viceroyalty, received orders not only to provide successors for the exiled missionaries, but to estab-

lish a new mission in Upper California, under the care of the Franciscans or Dominicans. The presence of English and Russian cruisers in the North Pacific had doubtless much weight in determining this step, but Galvez's own conduct, and the subsequent administrations of California, show that the conversion of its inhabitants was the great object of the foundation of these American colonies of Spain. The inspector proposed to establish garrisons at Monterey and San Diego, both ports already known, and three missions along the coast, around which the Indians were to be gathered and formed into settled communities.

The Franciscans entered eagerly on the field thus opened for their zeal. Father Junipero Serra, who had been appointed Superior of the Lower California Missions, at once selected five priests, Fathers Crespi, Campa, Vizcaino, Parron, and Gomez, to accompany himself on the new mission, the preparations for which were vigorously pushed forward by Galvez. The latter crossed over to Loreto, in Lower California, to superintend personally the equipment of the packets destined for the expedition, and his official dignity did not hinder his working there among the stevedores. He took a special pleasure in packing up the Church furniture for the new missions, and laughingly claimed to be a better sacristan than Father Serra, from having finished his task before him. The San Carlos packet, with Father Crespi and another Franciscan on board, was the first to sail, having left La Paz on the 9th of January, 1769, and her consort, the San Antonio, followed on the 15th of February. Besides her crew and the missionaries, the San Carlos carried a detachment of twenty-five soldiers to form a post at San Diego, and both vessels were loaded with European plants

and seeds of every kind for cultivation at the missions. Before sailing, the soldiers and the crews confessed and received the Holy Communion, and the visitor, in his parting address, charged them especially to respect the rights of the Indians.

Besides the ships, a land force under Portala, the governor of Lower California, was ordered to take part in the expedition. This latter body consisted of a company of Catalan volunteers and a body of frontier dragoons styled "Leather Soldiers," from their thick leathern cuirasses. Several Indians from Lower California, to serve as a nucleus for the new missions, and some muleteers and artisans, accompanied the troops, and cattle and sheep were contributed by the different missions along the road from Loretto. A small detachment was sent to the north of the last Jesuit mission in the autumn of 1768 to find resting-places for the main caravan on its way through the desert, but that body only set out in May, 1769, with Portala and Father Serra.

As the success of the settlement is in no small degree to be attributed to the efforts of the last-named priest, it may be well to give a brief sketch here of his previous life and character. Miguel Serra was born in the island of Majorca, in the Mediterranean, in the year 1713, being thus in his fifty-sixth year when he undertook the conversion of California. His parents were of humble condition, but he received an education from the Franciscans at a neighboring convent, in which, at the usual age, he took the religious habit. Having made his theological studies with considerable success, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Palma, the capital of his native island, and was subsequently ordained priest. For some years he continued to

exercise the functions of his sacred calling in Majorca, where his talents as a preacher and exemplary life gained him a high reputation. But feeling a strong desire to devote himself to the foreign missions, he then sought and obtained permission to join the Missionary College of San Fernando, in Mexico. In Mexico he was chiefly employed in the service of the Christian population, but he also spent six years among the Indians of Cerra Gorda, in the northern part of the viceroyalty. The remarkable aptitude for managing the Indians which he showed on this mission induced the heads of the College to choose him for the presidency of those of California, and in the latter country he continued till the end of his life.

His character was of the genuine Franciscan type, and his attachment to his order and devotion to its patron saints breathe through all his letters from California. Out of devotion to the companion of St. Francis, he changed his name at ordination to Junipero, by which he is best known in the history of California. In love of poverty, he fell little if at all short of his model. Even in the torrid zone he persisted, as far as possible, in making his mission journeys on foot, notwithstanding a naturally feeble constitution; and so well was his ready obedience to the least wish of his Superiors known, that a couple of days' notice was all he received of his nomination to the California mission.

Where souls were to be saved, his energy was invincible, and tempered only by his rare wisdom.

Such was the man to whom California is mainly indebted for the first introduction of civilization, and more than seventy thousand of its Indian population for the priceless gift of Christianity.

The journey overland to San Diego was slow, as the cattle ac-



companying the expedition needed frequent rest in the desert. The longest stay was made at Vellicata, where Captain Rivera and the first detachment had passed the winter. As that place afforded water and pasturage, and was surrounded by an Indian population of some numbers, the Superior resolved to found his first mission there, and requested the soldiers and artisans to join him in erecting a church and residence. Excited by his zeal, they all consented, and in a few days the required buildings were roughly furnished. Father Serra consecrated the little wooden church with all the solemnity his circumstances would allow; discharges of musketry serving as music, and the smoke for incense. The noise attracted a number of Indians to the ceremony, who were hailed with the utmost joy by Father Serra, and regaled with all the resources which the camp afforded. Father Campa, with a corporal and four soldiers as a guard, was left in charge of the new mission. A few cattle and some provisions were given him, and the day after the consecration the rest of the party resumed their road to San Diego.

An untoward circumstance, however, threatened to compel Father Serra's return. A scar on his leg, contracted on his first journey in Mexico, broke out afresh in consequence of his ceaseless exertions. Portala had in vain urged him to travel in a litter; the humble Franciscan declared that he would never be borne on the shoulders of his Indians. After leaving Vellicata the inflammation increased to such a degree that on the second evening he was unable to move, and the Governor begged again that he would let himself be carried back to that station. Father Serra was inflexible, "I may die on the road," he said, "but turn back, never." As there was no surgeon in the party, he applied for treatment to

an old mule-driver, asking him to regard his leg as a mule's jaded back. With much ado the man was induced to try his skill, and applied a horse plaster, of tallow and herbs to the inflamed limb. This extraordinary remedy proved efficacious, and on the following day the Superior managed to remount, and resume his journey. No further accident occurred on the way, and the expedition reached San Diego on the 1st of July in safety.

Two of the packets, the San Carlos and San Antonio, were already anchored in that port, but, unfortunately, not in a condition to pursue further explorations. Scurvy, the terror of seamen in the last century, had broken out on board the San Carlos, and made such havoc among her crew that only the officers and two sailors remained alive. Under these circumstances it was determined that the San Antonio should at once return to San Blas for fresh sailors, while Portala, with the land expedition, proceeded along the coast to Monterey. Before the latter set out, the settlement of San Diego was formally established. A temporary chapel was the first erection, huts were then built for the priests, the sick, the artisans, and laborers, the whole being surrounded with a palisade. Eight dragoons were left to protect the new foundation from any attacks, and the rest of the troops, with Fathers Crespi and Vizcaino, resumed their journey to Monterey on the 14th of July.

Father Serra, with his companions at San Diego, immediately endeavored to gain the confidence of the Indians in the neighborhood. The latter were among the lowest of the American tribes. Like the Lower Californians, the men went entirely naked, the women alone having any dress. They were almost without any system of government, living in little clans or *rancherias* of a few families each, without

either towns or leading chiefs. Their food was obtained altogether from the chase or the wild fruits of the country, as agriculture was unknown to most of these tribes. Their cabins were of the rudest kind, being merely thatched with tule reeds. Nevertheless, the fertility of the soil and the abundance of game enabled the upper province to support a much denser population than the peninsula of California. Father Serra, in his letters, speaks of the immense number of Pagans (*immensa gentilidad*) around San Diego, and when in its flourishing state, the mission there contained a population of nearly three thousand. The Indians also displayed an indifference to presents of food strikingly in contrast with the Lower Californians, and which testified to the fertility of their uncultivated soil. In morals, they were in the lowest stage of degradation. Some of the tribes were fierce and warlike; wars were of common occurrence, and polygamy was universally practiced. Father Palou mentions the case of an Indian at San Francisco who was married to a mother and three daughters at once, and it was the common custom for one man to marry all the sisters in a family. It is well known what an obstacle polygamy everywhere offers to Christianity, and its existence in California must be remembered if we would give due credit to the men who built up its reductions.

The San Diego Indians showed at first no dislike to the strangers, and even brought them presents of provisions. Father Serra took advantage of these favorable dispositions to propose the baptism of one of their infants shortly after the departure of Portala, and the parents consenting, he prepared to receive this first fruit of his mission into the Church with becoming solemnity. The little chapel was decked out and the soldiers invited

to be present, the cabo, or sergeant, offering to stand sponsor; but just as the Superior was about pouring the water on the child's head, an Indian rudely snatched it away and carried it out of the church. The Superior, with much difficulty, prevented the soldiers from avenging the slight thus offered him, but his own grief at the disappointment was both deep and lasting. For several days he was inconsolable, attributing the little Indian's misfortune to his own sins, and even years afterwards he could not allude to the occurrence but with tears in his eyes.

The Indians soon gave stronger proofs of their changed disposition. Attempts at robbery became frequent, and, as Father Serra would not allow the soldiers to take revenge on the perpetrators, the Indians mistook their moderation for fear, and grew bolder. On the feast of the Assumption a large body armed with bows and clubs, attacked the mission. An Indian boy from Loretto was killed and one of the Fathers wounded, but the assailants were finally driven off, and as the Spaniards made no attempt at further vengeance, intercourse was soon restored, and Father Serra was able to begin his work of instruction. The first step was the study of the language, but on account of his age, the Superior found it easier to instruct his pupils in Spanish than to acquire the dialect, and consequently a long time elapsed before any were fit to receive baptism.

In the meantime, Portala and his party made their way to Monterey, but owing to the incorrect description that had been given of its bay they did not recognize it, and continued their journey to the north for more than a hundred miles. Their further advance was there barred by an immense landlocked bay, hitherto unknown to Europeans, and to which Fathers



Crespi and Vizcaino gave the name of the patriarch of their order, St. Francis, in Spanish San Francisco. This name in fact had been given to it unwittingly by Galvez before its discovery. When arranging the names of the missions with Father Serra, he insisted that that of Monterey should be placed under the patronage of St. Charles (San Carlos), in honor of the King of Spain, and the third under that of San Buenaventura. The Superior begged for a mission for St. Francis, to which the Inspector half jestingly replied, that if St. Francis wished for a mission he might show them a port to found it at, and that if any new port was discovered it should be called by his name. Thus was the name of the humble saint of Assisi identified with a city which is almost the type of modern progress and wealth, and which promises at no distant day to rank among the great capitals of the world's commerce. At one time it seemed as if another title would displace that given by the missionaries, and for many years the village which formed the nucleus of the present city was known as Yerba Buena. A few months before the discovery of gold in the Sacramento the old name, however, was restored by the American authorities, and subsequent events appear to have fixed it forever.

Having advanced along the coast until their road was barred by the bay of San Francisco, Portala and his expedition returned to San Diego, much annoyed by their failure to find Monterey. The general belief was that the bay described by Vizcaino in 1603, had been filled up by the sand drifts, and as no vessel from San Blas arrived for several months, the Governor was disposed to abandon California altogether. Father Serra vigorously opposed this resolution, and declared that he at least would never leave his mission, even if he

had to remain in it alone. Portala finally agreed to remain in San Diego till the 19th of March, but ordered preparations to be made for leaving it immediately after that date, if no vessel should appear in the meantime. Father Serra commenced a novena to St. Joseph for the speedy arrival of a vessel, and his confidence was not disappointed. On the evening of the 18th a sail appeared in the offing, though she did not enter the port for four days later. She proved to be the *San Antonio*, with fresh sailors, and all thought of quitting San Diego was now given up.

The two vessels, with Father Serra and the Governor on board, were at once despatched in search of Monterey, and found it at last. This rediscovery was hailed with enthusiasm by the crews and celebrated in thoroughly Spanish style. A temporary altar was erected under the shade of the trees, the bells sent from Mexico were hung on an oak and joyfully pealed, and a solemn mass of consecration was said, amid the thunders of artillery from the ships and the rattle of musketry on shore. A cross, which had been set up near the shore by the first expedition, was found, and had been decorated with flowers by the Indians. All drew the best auguries from this mark of respect, spontaneously offered by the Indians to the sign of our redemption, and Father Serra especially was full of hope for their future. For some days, however, none of the natives showed themselves; they had been frightened by the artillery. It was not until the church and mission buildings had been nearly erected that a few ventured in, when their alarm was quickly relieved by the kindness of the Franciscans. Their fears once removed, they proved more docile and friendly than the more southern tribes, and in December of the year 1770, the

first baptisms were celebrated in the mission of San Carlos. Three years later, the number of converts amounted to one hundred and seventy-five. The smallness of this number is a convincing proof, were others wanting in the testimony of the missionaries themselves, that none were admitted to baptism without ample preparation. At a later period, when instruction had been fully diffused among the natives, the number of baptisms rapidly increased, and at Father Serra's death, in 1783, Monterey reckoned more than a thousand converts. Notwithstanding its rank as capital of California, however, the mission of Monterey never equalled many of the others in importance, and fell notably behind San Diego in the numbers of its population.

The occupation of these two ports had been the principal point in the royal orders, and as the scurvy had made serious ravages, even among the soldiers, it was not deemed fit by the Governor to found the third mission of San Buenaventura until reinforcements should arrive. Accordingly, without even exploring the newly-discovered bay of San Francisco, he sent the San Antonio back to San Blas, with a full account of what had been accomplished. Father Serra took advantage of her voyage to write to his friend and countryman, Father Palou, who was then engaged in the missions of Lower California. The conclusion of his letter is highly worthy of being presented to the reader, as illustrating at once the unworldliness of the writer and the utter seclusion of the missions from civilization. Having given his friend, whom with true Spanish courtesy he addresses as "honored sir and beloved companion," a full account of the new mission, the venerable President writes :

"As last May is a year since I have had a letter from a Christian

land, your Reverence may guess how badly off we are for news. All that I ask, however, is that, when convenient, you will let us know the name of our present Holy Father, that I may insert it in the mass, and if the canonization of Blessed Joseph Cupertino and Seraphino d'Ascoli has taken place, that I may place them in the calendar. Also let us know if Father Soler has been killed by the Indians in Sonora, and if so, the particulars of his death, and if any other friends have departed from this life, that we may pray for them. Your Reverence can add whatever other intelligence you think will be acceptable to a few poor hermits, shut off from all the rest of the world."

The devoted missionary had indeed good reason for regarding himself and his companions as cut off from the world. In our times, when steam and electricity have brought San Francisco, as it were, to the doors of New York, it is almost impossible to conceive the remoteness of California at that time from the abodes of civilization. Mexico, in those days of slow and unskilful navigation, was more remote, and a hundredfold less known in Europe than is New Zealand or Australia at present, and California was as far more remote from Mexico as Mexico from Europe. With the exception of the recently-established dockyards at San Blas, no naval station was to be found along the west coast of North America. And the few vessels in the North Pacific were of the oldest and most clumsy style in vogue in Europe two centuries before. The winds, too, are usually adverse to sailing up the Californian coast, and the Spaniards had not yet adopted the modern plan of standing boldly out to sea until they met more favorable gales. All these circumstances made the voyage from Mexico to San Diego or Monterey nearly as long, and much



more dangerous, than that from Cadiz to Vera Cruz. The San Carlos spent more than two months in reaching San Diego on her first voyage, though the distance is scarcely twelve hundred miles. And the San Antonio was forty-six days in making the voyage from that point to Monterey. The unskillful management of the vessels by many of the captains added to the dangers of the voyage. The San Jose, the third of the squadron despatched to California by the Inspector General, never reached her destination, having been probably lost with all hands. And a few months later another vessel with twenty Franciscans on board, bound for Lower California, drifted four hundred leagues south to the neighborhood of Manzanillo, and ran ashore there. Even at present, wrecks are not rare on the Californian coast, but a century ago they were proportionably far more common, and, in consequence, scarcely any vessels but the Government packets were to be found in those remote waters.

The foundation of the two ports of San Diego and Monterey caused great joy in Mexico. The Viceroy, the Marquis de Santa Cruz, immediately arranged with the College of San Fernando to send thirty additional missionaries to California, ten for the old Jesuit missions, ten for five projected missions, extending from Vellicata to San Diego, and ten to form the five new missions in the upper province. The last-named ten arrived at San Diego in safety in 1771, and as the Governor did not think fit to found the post of San Buenaventura, Father Serra planned two new foundations, one to the north of San Diego, and the other to the south of Monterey. The last he set out to establish himself late in the same year, and having reached the site selected, and having erected the usual cross and altar, he caused the bells des-

tined for the church to be hung on a tree, and loudly rung, while he cried out enthusiastically, "Come, ye Gentiles, to the faith of Christ!" To his great delight the summons was not unheeded, and at the first mass an Indian presented himself, and was received with open arms by the Spaniards. Others quickly followed his example, and the progress of the faith was more rapid at this than at any other mission. The Indians even assured their visitors that Christianity had been preached to their fathers, many years before, by men wearing the same dress as the Franciscans. As many of the missionaries on the frontiers of Sonora had been captured by the Indians at different times, it is not impossible that some of them may have reached California, but in the absence of more reliable proof than the Indian tradition, the fact must remain uncertain.

Fathers Camboy and Somera, who had been charged with the foundation of the southern mission, met at first a much more unfavorable reception. The warlike natives assembled to attack the strangers, but were suddenly pacified when Father Somera displayed a large banner painted with the image of the Madonna before them. The warriors laid aside their arms, or brought them as offerings to lay before the picture, and received the Father with every demonstration of friendship. They even joined in the work of erecting the necessary buildings of the new establishment, cutting timber and bringing it to the builders. The mission thus founded became subsequently one of the largest in California, and reckoned more than three thousand Indians in the numerous villages around the church. The mission building, which was dedicated under the patronage of San Gabriel, still exists in a state of tolerable preservation, and a few Indians still linger around it.

On the completion of the mission of San Antonio, Father Serra returned to Monterey; but not to rest in quiet. The situation first chosen for the mission was bad in many ways, and he resolved to build a new one at a league's distance. Not to disturb the Indians already grouped round the church, he undertook the erection of the various buildings required, with the help of volunteers, both white and Indian, from the garrison and mission. This work was hardly completed, when the packet from San Blas arrived with letters recalling him to Mexico to plead the cause of the mission with the new Viceroy. It was necessary to return by the packet, or wait, it might be, several months for another, and the unwearied missionary set out without delay for San Diego, founding on his way the mission of San Luis Obispo, near the present town of that name.

His arrival in Mexico was unfortunate. The Viceroy had serious thoughts of abolishing the naval establishment of San Blas, which would have left California with no regular communication with the capital. The account of the missions which Father Serra gave decided him to retain it, and further, to order the equipment of a new frigate to explore the northern seas. The missions of Old California were transferred to the Dominicans. At the same time the Franciscans were left free to devote themselves entirely to the new province. The Governor of Tubac, in Sonora, Captain Anza, was ordered to explore the country between that post and Monterey, and a promise was made that if a practicable road could be found, a colony and mission would be at once founded near the bay of San Francisco. All these points having been satisfactorily settled, Father Serra returned to his mission, which he was never again to leave.

Nine of the late Californian missionaries had arrived before him, and Señor Anza had also made his way across the province without any serious difficulty. Bad news, on the other hand, soon came from San Diego. The heathen Indians, incited by two renegades, attacked the mission suddenly and murdered Father Jayme, who presented himself to them with his usual salute, *Amar a Dios, hijos*—"Love God, my children!" Two of the artisans of the mission were also mortally wounded, and the whole of the wooden buildings burned; but the guard finally repulsed the assailants. A long time passed before the ruined mission could be restored, the commander at Monterey opposing such a step on the ground of disaffection among the Indians. Happily, the example of the revolted did not prove contagious, and the capture of several of the ringleaders restored peace at San Diego. The prisoners were all afterwards released, but their arrest awed the ill-disposed.

On learning Father Jayme's martyrdom, Father Serra exclaimed, "Thanks to God, the soil is now watered, the harvest must needs be plentiful!" And the event justified his words. In a short time afterwards the number of baptisms rapidly increased throughout the missions. In a letter to Mexico shortly afterwards he stated that more baptisms had been obtained in the last three months than in the three years preceding them. The leniency with which the San Diego prisoners were treated might appear ill-judged in a purely human point of view, but the result entirely justified it.

On his return from San Diego, Father Serra despatched a fresh expedition to explore the shores of the bay of San Francisco, and find a suitable site for the proposed mission there. Señor Anza, on his



return to Sonora, had collected twenty-three families to found a colony near the bay, and after a toilsome journey he arrived with them at Monterey, in June, 1776. The Governor, Rivera, who was still smarting under a well-merited rebuke received from the Viceroy, did not think fit to take part in founding the colony, but deputed the task to one of his subordinates. Fathers Serra, Palou, and Cambon accompanied the colony, who after a few days' march arrived at the head of the peninsula of San Francisco on the 27th June, 1776. A temporary chapel was the first building erected, and the site of the future city was formally consecrated by the Superior. A little earthen fort was next erected near the entrance of the bay, and a few Spanish families took up their abodes near it. The mission buildings were placed at some distance from the fort, and were afterwards removed to a better situation about four miles to the south, where they still stand. Fathers Palou and Cambon were left at the mission, with eighteen head of cattle, to commence the usual farm work. Captain Anzá detached a part of his command to garrison the *presidio*, and having explored the bay accurately, returned to Sonora, little dreaming of the magnificent future awaiting the little settlement.

The next year the mission of Santa Clara was established in a magnificent valley at the southern end of the bay. The land in the neighborhood is some of the richest in California, and for many years this establishment far surpassed San Francisco in importance. Its fertility, too, recommended Santa Clara for the site of a European colony, projected by the Viceroy, and in 1778 the first *pueblo* of California was founded three miles from the Indian mission. Fifteen or sixteen families, chiefly those of retired soldiers, were the colonists,

but notwithstanding their small numbers they received the regular municipal organization of a Spanish town. According to the system perfected by Philip the Second, the towns or pueblos founded by Europeans throughout Spanish America enjoyed the same municipal rights of self-government as the towns in Spain, the inhabitants electing their *alcalde* or mayor, *jueces de paz* (district judge), and *ayuntamiento* or council. To become citizens of a pueblo at its foundation, intending colonists enrolled their names either in Spain or America, retired soldiers usually having the preference, if the number was limited. Each man at the outset received cattle and farming tools, besides rations for two years, and a small allowance of money. No taxes were required for five years after the organization of the pueblo, but all the citizens were expected to be provided with arms, and to keep two horses, each fully equipped for military service. It does not appear that these latter conditions were very strictly carried out, at least in peaceful districts, but universal military service and local self-government were the leading ideas of the colonial policy of Spain. All the pueblos were endowed with large tracts of public domain, which were held by the council in trust for the citizens. Each of the latter received a fixed quantity for cultivation, which he was obliged to plant, in part at least, with fruit trees, and a lot for his house in the town. His sons on coming of age were entitled to similar shares, but the property thus granted could not be sold, and fell back to the common stock if abandoned at any time. The undivided pueblo lands gave free pasture to the cattle of the townsmen, and were exempt from all taxation. As in Spain, so in America, it was hoped that this system would secure to the settlers the advantages of town life with opportunities for

practicing agriculture, which the mediæval statesman justly considered the main source of a country's wealth. Although somewhat unsuited to modern habits, the pueblo organization of Spanish America had many points deserving of imitation, and it is worth noting how the Castilian statesmen, three hundred years ago, grappled with problems which are to-day the puzzle of political economists. The whole number of pueblos in California was only four, San José, founded in 1778; Los Angeles, to the south, in 1781; Santa Barbara, in 1786; and Branciforte, in 1796. Of these, the last two are still unimportant villages, but the first named are cities of about twelve thousand inhabitants each.

Besides the pueblos, the *presidios*, or forts, constituted another class of European colonies. The soldiers, who married with the Indian women or brought wives from Mexico, generally built houses for their families within the walls of the fort, or in its immediate neighborhood, and thus towns gradually grew up. The garrisons in California had little military duty to perform, and the forts were never in a state of defence against civilized troops. The whole force of the province amounted to about two hundred and fifty men, five of whom were stationed in each mission and pueblo as a kind of police force, and the remainder garrisoned the pre-

sidios. The presidios, like the pueblos, were endowed with tracts of the public land under the name of royal farms. These were intended to support the horses of the garrison, but in practice they furnished free pasture to the settlers. The chief point of difference between the presidio terms and the pueblos was the self-government enjoyed by the latter, the first being under the authority of the military commander.

Outside the pueblos and presidios there were few European settlers in California. Officers sometimes, but rarely, obtained grants of land, and under the Mexican rule one or two towns were established without any special organization. At the missions no whites resided except the priests and a few artisans to instruct the Indians in various trades. The Spanish system of settlement was thus threefold,—missions for the Indians, in which they might be gradually trained to a civilized life without being exposed to the demoralization that almost invariably results from contact between a superior and an inferior race; pueblos for the white colonists, with careful provisions for their welfare; and presidios to guard both from foreign foes. Whatever its defects, this organization secured to North Mexico and California a peace and prosperity to which they were utter strangers under the endless changes of Mexican rule.

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## A TALE OF AN OLD MAN'S YOUTH.

HAVE you a private grief or misery concealed, yet always throbbing and tingling, even in your most quiet moments? Be sure the world will find it out, and pierce to the very centre of it with a careless blow. If we cut or in any way maim a limb, it becomes at once the limb of all others which is most certain to be hit against the corners of tables and chairs; it is the limb against which people stumble and open doors, with accidental recurrences, which look very much like settled purposes. And so with sorrows. That nerve of our hearts which can least bear exposure, is always most exposed,—and here a twinge, and there a sudden faintness, as we turn sharp angles in the path of life, show us that it is sensitive as ever.

I have thought of this, I fancy, more than most men; because I, myself, have such a sorrow. And I find that everything around me—things which, in themselves, are very dear to me—have a power to awaken it. I never see a violet upon a meadow-bank, that I do not remember a fairer flower that smiled into life and beauty, and then faded before my eyes. I never see a star at night without a thought of eyes more brilliant. I never hear a bird singing its happy heart out in the summer-time without a sigh for a voice now hushed forever.

I lived, long, long ago, in a quiet New England village, which nestled in the heart of the Green Mountains, of that most beautiful of all the states, Vermont. That village is known to many as the birthplace and early home of Powers, the great American sculptor. The brain and heart that designed the peerless Greek Slave, were working beside the silver-flowing Queechy, some

forty or fifty years ago, in many a prank of boyish mischief, and the hands that carved and chiselled that white dream of beauty, then wielded a ponderous jack-knife, and whittled out of bits of wood some faint foreshadowing, perhaps, of that which was yet to come. It was this that had tempted me to select it from all others for my summer residence, during a year of sickness and distress in the city of New York. It had a pretty name—Woodstock—and was, I think, the fairest valley on which my eyes ever fell.

River and mountain, the bright Queechy, and the king of the hills, Mount Tom, lake, and wood, and forest,—all were there. From one summit you looked down upon a region of pastoral beauty, with pretty low cottages, wide green meadows, and grazing flocks; from another you saw a fertile valley, with the river winding, like a serpent, through it, and mirroring in its bosom the clear blue sky. A third ascent, and a rock-bound country, gloomy with fir-trees, and keeping an unbroken silence like that of Siberia, met your view; while high up, upon the very summit of the great mountain, a lonely pond was lying, of which the school-children told strange tales. It had once stretched over vast acres, and bears and wolves had drunk from it when the country was wild and new, but with the march of civilization it had changed. Little by little the earth had filled it in, till the visitor could walk for half a mile securely on what had once been treacherous slime. But the ground quaked always beneath a step, and the prudent took good care not to venture too near the edge. I walked upon it once myself, and thought

it very like these hearts of ours, in which, though we step ever so softly, we are ever liable to sink in beyond our depths, and, perhaps, rise no more.

But these were not all the attractions of the place. There were beautiful walks and drives; there were miniature lakes, upon which to row or sail a pleasure-boat; and a park, which was the pride of the whole State. It had grown up with the town, changing from an oval strip of ground, just boarded in and called a common, to a beautiful inclosure, hemmed in with maple trees as straight and luxuriant as trees could well be, decorated with an iron fence and gates, abounding with little walks and footpaths, and, in the spring, decked with grass as green as that of the Emerald Isle, and speckled and spangled with those two flowers of childhood—buttercups and daisies—like a carpet brought from Fairyland. It was a pretty place. I used often to sit and read and muse there; but when the summer months brought the usual influx of city visitors, I left the place to them, and wandered off in search of others more lonely.

In one of my midday walks, I struck suddenly upon a grass-grown road, leading off the main path, at the distance of some three miles from the town. I followed it up a little hill, switching with my cane at the peppermint that grew on each side, or stopping to watch a speckled adder who glided lazily in and out from the fragrant thicket, as I drew near to, or receded from, his home. An old house stood half way up this hill, which was evidently the homestead of some well-to-do farmer. It was large and square, and standing back, with an orchard climbing the green hills at its rear. Across the road which I was following, and just opposite the house, were three immense barns, whose great doors were standing open, to

admit the carts of hay the oxen were drawing slowly from the hill pastures. Through these doors I caught a glimpse of the river-road below, the river itself, the covered bridge, blue sky, and the woods beyond. It was a delicious bit of coloring, done by the hand of the Great Artist himself. At my feet was a little pool of stagnant water, on which some white geese and ducks were fraternizing, while a brood of half-grown turkeys, with their melancholy "Quit-quit," were making up a foraging party for an excursion after grasshoppers across the farm.

But the road, with its faint wheel-track on either side, and its broad streak of green in the middle, stretched on beyond the farmhouse and the barns, and I soon lost sight of them as I descended the other side of the hill. It was more lovely here, if such a thing were possible; because, with the same view, and with the same houses standing in the distance, I also found a silence beneath the blue sky of noon that was delightful. On one side of the fallen stone wall, a thicket of blackberries had grown over a heap of ruins, which marked the site of the first church or meeting-house ever erected in the town. On the other, and across the road, lay a little graveyard, sloping quietly down to the road and river below. The gate had rusted from its hinges and lay upon the ground, half hidden by the long grass that was growing over it. The tomb had not been in use for many a year; and as I peeped through the cracks of its door, I saw something lying on the floor which I knew was nothing more nor less than the fragments of the bier on which the coffins had once been borne out, but which, just then, I was pleased to magnify into the bones of a skeleton. The tender blue of a beautiful summer's day was in the sky, and the sun shone down brightly and hotly.



Nothing seemed to stir, save the grasshopper who leaped and chirped among the graves—a kind of Old Mortality among the insect tribe.

I followed the path still farther. And now, for the first time, it began to wind beside one of those bright leaping brooks, peculiar to New England. I sauntered along, looking for minnows in the sunlight, and wishing I had nothing more to do than to spend existence in the same way, when a laugh, most clear and musical, made me start and look up.

The road had wound around, so that the lonely graveyard upon the hill was shut out from my sight. In its place I beheld before me a long avenue, or rather grove, of maple trees, clothing the base and summit of another hill, far higher. The sparkling brook, with a last gush of music, leaped into the sunlit recesses of this forest, and was lost to my sight. But, on my right hand, stood a little bird's nest of a whitewashed cottage, surrounded on all sides by a field of waving oats now nearly breast-high. A narrow footpath led from the rustic gate up to the cottage door, which stood open; and at a well, close by the house, stood a young girl, apparently fishing with a line for something in the water, while a dark-eyed and very beautiful lady stood on the steps looking at her. A fat brown-and-white dog, with broad feet which turned out ludicrously—as if in no other way they could support the weight of his body—sat on the greensward in front of the gate, blinking sleepily at the sunshine and the flies. When he at last saw me, he put up his head and gave a terrible howl, as if he felt deeply insulted by my approach—a sound which alarmed his young mistress, so that she dropped the line she held, and started back from the well in dismay. I then saw that she had long auburn curls, and that her face was full of that

exquisite life and light and bloom, which youth and a sunny heart can shed upon the most irregular features. There was nothing for me but to make my excuses for my intrusion as well as I could; so, after pacifying the dog, I opened the boarded gate and walked up to her. It was Lucy, whom I thus met for the first time.

It is strange how soon a perfectly natural and simple manner sets one at ease. I had always been called, and had always thought myself, the shyest of men; yet in five minutes I was talking with the little fairy as freely as if I had known her all my life. I had been introduced to Aunt Susan, who evidently regarded her young niece as the apple of her eye. I had been reconciled to Tiger, who, after much entreaty on the part of his mistress condescended to hold out his fat paw for me to shake, showing his teeth wickedly all the while, as if he would like to bite me, if she only was not there; and I had found the way to her heart by succeeding, after a long and patient effort, in rescuing from the well the line and pail with which she had been trying to draw water before I arrived. Then, seeing that I looked heated and tired, she insisted upon my coming into the cottage to have some of Aunt's currant wine, while I rested. I was only too glad to see her abode, and followed without any hesitation.

I must own that I have tasted better and sweeter wine than that which had been spoiling for two months in the damp cellar at Gan-Eden; but I should have taken arsenic cheerfully, if her small hands had mixed the draught. I had seen her once or twice before in the park at Woodstock; had asked her name, and heard it, casually; and had afterwards heard that her aunt had taken this place to please her, and that they were living entirely by themselves in their romantic solitude, with the exception of an old

family servant who came with them from the city, and the uncouth dog, who was the prime pet and favorite of Lucy. More than this I had not sought to hear; and Gan-Eden might have been located in the moon for aught I knew. Now that I had stumbled upon it, however, I looked around with no small degree of admiration, as Lucy did the honors of the two rooms to which I was admitted.

It was a little bower of a place, perched upon the banks of that same merry brook which had so beguiled me, and with its windows facing the south and the west. I do not know if the sun was coaxed into doing double duty there, or not, but I am sure I never saw rooms so full of his golden light before. Every door and window was always left open of a pleasant day; and through the hop-vines and the honeysuckles came the warm and perfumed air, the song of birds, the lowing of cattle, and the busy hum of bees, till the rooms seemed all alive with light and sound. It was by no means an uncommon thing to see a swallow dart through from one window to the other, and a frisky little squirrel crept into the kitchen each morning, and chirped saucily for his breakfast. By and by he brought his family with him; and I found Lucy, one morning, seated on the floor, scarcely daring to draw her breath, while the pretty creatures nibbled away, close beside her, at the crumbs she had scattered for them. Her love for pets was not her least charm in my eyes. To be sure, when I found her, one day, with a spoon and pitcher, just outside the gate, trying to persuade a freckled ribbon-snake, who opened his brilliant eyes, and displayed his thread-like tongue in scorn, to drink the milk she poured for him in little grassy hollows along the road, I did object; but I tolerated her spiders and flies, and bugs and beetles, and dogs and cats, and

even mice, because she had them under her immediate protection.

It was my first day at Gan-Eden; but ah! it was not my last. Many a sunshiny afternoon was spent in the little parlor, with its wreath-framed pictures, its flowers of every hue, its vine-shaded windows, and sloping terraced door. I read to Lucy's aunt, but I looked at Lucy, and made strange blunders with my reading. I walked over the hills, and traced out the spring of the dancing brook; and the little garden-hat was always by my side, reaching up to my heart, and no farther, when its owner stood beside me with her hands full of flowers and mosses, chattering as fast as her tongue could run, about her treasures. She treated me much as she did Tiger; and I was only too glad to be his fellow-slave. Yet I am sure the frank child never dreamed how dear she was growing to me. To her I was only "James," or "Brother James"—only a grave and serious man, too old, even then, to be more than a protector and a confidential friend; but not, alas for it! too old to love her, and that with a strength and tenderness a young man could never have felt. My staid manners made me seem even older than I really was; and her aunt intrusted her to me, in all our excursions, as complacently as if I had been made of iron, instead of bearing about a living, beating heart, within my breast.

O, the golden days of that happy summer fled too quickly! Lucy met me, one afternoon, at the gate, with as sad a face as she could wear.

"We are going!" she sighed. "Aunt says it is time to go back to the city, and so we leave Gan-Eden to-day; spend a few days in town, and then return to noisy New York. I am sure, if it was not for some we shall meet there, I should never want to see the place again."

It would have been well for me



if I had attended more to what she had just said; but the thought of her going away from the only place on earth that seemed fit for her, swallowed up everything else.

"I should like to visit the old places with you to-day, Lucy."

"Come in, then, and we will go, while the servant is packing the furniture."

The trees had just begun to put on their glorious autumn colors, and banners of red, purple, gold, crimson, russet, pale-yellow, green and brown, were flung out on every side. The September sunshine was yet warm in the middle of the day: and the smell of the beeches and the rustle of the dead leaves under foot—I remember them all, as if it were but yesterday! But when the light began to fade, and we turned towards home, I looked back at the lovely scene, and all was bare and gray, and perfectly desolate. Even so has my life been, Lucy!

It was a hard trial for her to leave the pretty place. There were so many leave-takings of old familiar spots, so many charges to the farmer who owned the house, to let the oak wreaths hang as they were till a new tenant came in; and "Oh, to be sure, and feed the squirrels every day of his life;"—so many hints after Tiger, who was always supposed to have been drowned in the well, or smothered under the luggage; and so many outbursts of joy at finding him, safe and sound, and generally fast asleep, that it was nearly dark before I got her to take the last look, and let me lead her to the pony carriage, which was waiting at the gate. I got her safely in at last, and saw her drive away; the little garden-hat always turned towards the cottage as long as it was in sight. Little she cared about Gan-Eden, or all I was losing with it. But I consoled myself with the thought that I was inseparably connected with it, in Lucy's mind. Never could she think of the flowers,

and the sunshine, and the bees, without also giving a thought to the friend, who had watched and loved them with her. I went back and leaned against the well, where I had seen her first; I bent down and kissed the rough board where her hand had often rested. If a tear fell now and then, and broke the image of the star which shone so tranquilly in the water below, it was only known to me, and to that star, and to Him who made us both!

The few days she had mentioned fled like so many moments, and after that evening of moonlight and music, she was to leave us. I stood with her in the parlor of her uncle's house, about ten moments before the arrival of the stage. There were curtains of some transparent rose-colored material at the windows, and she was festooning them back with some waxen white flowers, with green leaves—the last clippings of her aunt's conservatory—and the warm light fell upon her face as she made a graceful courtesy to me.

"There! Is not that pretty?" When you come to see us in the city this winter, I shall arrange our parlors in the same way, to make you remember Woodstock and Gan-Eden."

"I am not likely to forget either of them," I said, looking fondly down at her, and in another moment it would have all been said, if she had not laid her hand upon my arm, and whispered:

"Dear James, I should so like to tell you a secret."

"Well?"

"But you must never let my aunt know I told you, or she would give me a terrible lecture. I suppose it is very improper and all that,—but I should so like to tell you myself. I want you to come to us on the second week of January, and stay till after the twenty-fourth."

"And why till then?"

She blushed, and looked anywhere and everywhere but at me.

"Because, on the twenty-fourth I am to be married."

With a strong effort, I mastered myself, and turning my face from the light, prepared to hear and answer her next question, which soon came.

"Are you angry?"

"Not I," I answered steadily.

"But does your aunt know this?"

She opened her large eyes with innocent wonder.

"Of course. How stupid you are getting, James. Why, she made the match!"

"Ah!"

"Edward is scarcely older than I am, but his father wishes him to marry, to make him steady, I believe, or some such nonsense,—as if such a fly-about as I am would not unsettle him still more! However, we are very fond of each other."

"But how comes it, Lucy, that after all our familiar friendship, this is the first time I have even heard his name?"

She shook her curls about her face, and laughed.

"Oh, I didn't like,—I was afraid you would think it was silly. You are so grave and wise, and indeed I never should have had the courage now, only that I am going away. But, would you like to see his picture?"

"Yes."

She took a pretty little case of blue velvet from her pocket, and unfastening the golden clasps, laid it open in my hand. I looked upon my rival. A dashing, handsome, audacious boy of twenty, with a pair of bright dark eyes, and an incipient mustache—that was all! He looked merry and happy enough, but he seemed more likely to be deeply in love with himself than with the pretty child they were going to give him for his wife. She needed training as well as loving, constancy as well as fervor.

"Hark! there comes the stage!"

she exclaimed, snatching the picture from my hand, and running away to call her aunt. Before she returned to me, I was calm, at least outwardly.

"You will be sure and come and see us when you get back to the city, the very day you come," she pleaded, standing on the steps, and holding my cold hand in both hers.

"Yes, Lucy."

"And remember, what I told you is a secret," she added, dropping her voice a little. "You must not even speak of it in your letters, for aunt will always see them."

"I shall write, then?"

"What a question! Why, I depend upon you for all the news of Gan-Eden, and all the gossip of the town. You must go up to the old place now and then, James, for my sake, and feed my poor little squirrels. Dear old Gan-Eden!"

She looked wistfully up at me, and her tears began to fall.

"You have been so good, so kind!" she murmured. "Oh, what shall I do without you?"

God bless her! If they had but left her with me for those autumn months, and I had felt it not dishonorable to make the attempt, she would have loved me, I am sure.

When I had seated her in the coach beside her aunt, she leaned from the window, and put back her veil.

"James."

I turned back when I heard my name, and went up to her. There were no careless bystanders looking on, none but those who knew and loved her, and who were incapable of misconstruing anything her loving heart might make her do. As I stood beside her, she put her hand upon my shoulder, and whispered in my ear, "Do not forget Lucy!" Something warmer than the sunshine, something sweeter than the south wind, something softer than the new-fallen

snow and quite as pure, just touched my cheek, and the stage rattled away, and bore her from her me.

I put that timid, innocent kiss away within my heart, and going to my room in a bustling hotel, locked myself in for the remainder of the day. Many years have come and gone, and my cheek has grown pale and thin, but Lucy's last farewell is remembered as vividly as in those first hours after I had lost her.

Who will wonder to hear me say I did not keep the promise I had made? I did write once or twice, but the letters I got in return, only wrung my heart; and it was a relief to me when I left Woodstock, and so could let my wanderings plead as the best excuse for my silence. Her quiet friendship was no return for the love that pained every fibre of my being, and I knew it was best to sever every tie that bound me to her, at once. I wrote the farewell I dared not trust myself to speak, and made it as cold and calm as even her lover could have wished. Then I went for the last time to Gan-Eden, and spent one whole day in the places we had loved. My last visit was to the house, which still stood empty. I did not enter by the usual way, but crossed the brook, from the hill, and went round to the back of the house. At a low window, through which Tiger used to escape when his mistress had confined him to the house, lest he should follow us, I stopped, and raising the sash, looked in. The oak garlands which she had hung with her own hands upon the walls, rustled drily as the cold wind blew. I saw a single faded rose lying on the floor. She had worn it in her hair on the evening of her departure, and I had seen her take it out and throw it aside before she tied on her hat. I had intended to secure it then, but something had

drawn my attention away, and through all these weary weeks, it had been waiting for me, that it might speak to me of her. Poor faded thing! I entered the room, and put the dead rose carefully in my breast. My footsteps made a hollow sound upon the decaying floor, and the squirrel, fat and sleek as ever, ran from a hiding-place behind the door, and vanished through the window. It was a pleasure, at least, to think the little fellow had not fallen into neglectful hands since she had gone. I leaped out upon the ground again, took one long last look into the dear old room, shut down the window, and turned away. From that hour there was no Gan-Eden for me, save in my dreams.

I went away, to the land of gold. My fortune was already sufficient for all my wants, but I felt that stirring and striving within me which must be silenced and I knew no better course to take. I plunged into the wildest speculations, and bought and sold at such daring risks that those who had known me in my quiet and steady days, said I had gone mad. And so I had—and yet I prospered, because success was nothing to me. Everything I touched turned to gold—till the sight of it became almost hateful to me.

Now came the time when I might have filled Lucy's place, had I wished it. Beautiful women looked kindly on the butterfly, who would have spurned the caterpillar. But I had grown moody and reserved, and their smiles and blandishments fell on me like sunshine on granite. If ever I sat by my lonely fireside and thought of marriage, I only sighed, and stirred the coals, and let my thoughts wander away.

It was a selfish life, as well as a lonely one. But one day there came a change. It was ushered in by a terrible illness, and a suffering like unto death. When it



passed, I was another man. The angel had "troubled the waters;" a hand which was not mortal had laid me in the pool; my eyes were opened, and my infirmities were healed. I saw that if all that could make earth glad and beautiful had been taken from me, it was only that I might learn to lay up treasure in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and thieves cannot break through nor steal. I heard the poor crying out on every side for succor, and when I was able, I gave it, for the sake of Him who held the poor in loving remembrance. It is most true that no good work which is done in the name and for the sake of God can ever lose its reward. Even while I was thus holding the "cup of

cold water" to the parched lips of his little ones, his grace was filling my heart with a new and living light.

It was then that I first sought some tidings of her. The friend to whom I wrote gave me a brief answer. She was dead! carried away by the raging of the great pestilence; and the young husband had already filled her place with a second wife.

From that day I have never written her name until now; but she has always lived within my heart. My affections are no longer placed on the things of this world; they bud and bloom in a brighter one, and I hope one day to gather their blossoms there.

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## THE CROWN OF ROSES.

FAMILIAR, yet from other lands, the pleasant echo comes,  
The quaint and olden mythic lore from distant vine-hung homes,  
Of galas in the greenwood shade, when on a festal-day,  
A fair rose-chaplet crowned the maid of whom the pious say,  
That she in virtue most excelled, her choice the "better part;"  
By whom the pious watched and prayed lest pride might turn her heart,  
While warning words the good priest spake, reminding her of One  
In whose most perfect life the grace of meekness brightly shone.

The crown was formed of roses white—e'en so tradition told—  
And it was treasured afterwards, and better loved than gold;  
For when the summons came to those who owned the valued prize,  
And they had fallen asleep, released from earthly pangs and sighs,  
Reposing with a placid smile within their narrow bed,  
The faded wreath again was placed beside the honored dead,  
Exhaling perfume rich as if from freshly-gathered flowers,  
Pervading all the quiet room before the burial-hours.

O pleasant legendary lore—memorial pure and sweet—  
Melodiously in simple rhyme the listener's ear to greet;  
As fancy swift each void can fill, and humble faith may dare,  
The myth to realize as one in which we claim a share,  
For oral repetition when the stars rejoice our sight,  
And angels hover o'er the fold as day dissolves in night:  
And when night comes—the night of death in its corruption sown—  
May we to incorruption wake, and an immortal crown!

## CONFERENCES ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

## IV.

THE importance of the Mosaic history is most conspicuous in its refutation of the absurd theories—ancient and modern—regarding the origin of man and his place in nature; its statement being verified and illustrated by matter of fact evidence. With false pretences of advanced science, the sciologists of our age reproduce the stupid and crazy notions that have been despised and condemned throughout all generations, as the inventions of their own skill, which will satisfactorily inform the human family about its origin. Moses does not invent; he does not advance a mythical construction of nauseous conceits, and then insult common sense by saying, “Behold that which was never seen—believe that which was never known to exist.” He states a fact, self-evident and credible. Moses informs that God made man after his own image, to have, like himself, supreme authority over the earth. The several aspects of the heavens are here below appointed for man’s utility. He calls all the animals before him and gives them a name; he examines the properties of all that the earth nourishes and contains; he disposes of the whole in a masterly manner, and his authority is not diminished by the complaisance he owes to his fellow-creatures; on the contrary, the whole earth is submitted to him, owing to his having help and society. He never loses his privileges, except when he pretends to become isolated. Man holds possession of his dominion through the support and co-operation of society. The experience of all ages corroborates the truth of Moses’s narrative, there being nothing so evident as the supremacy of man and the several faculties which fa-

cilitate its exercise. The maniacs who hatch out the embryos of the benighted Gentiles may experience in their depravity some affinities with apes and reptiles, with filth and mire, but the extravagance of their foulness proves that they are exceptions. The utterances of nature, the principles and facts of science, the testimony of rational experience, show that man is a miniature of the Deity, a miniature of omnipotence in the extent of his energy and activity, a miniature of wisdom in mental capacity, a miniature of goodness in the affections of his heart. Therefore Moses declared the truth of the origin of the human species when he wrote: “God made man to his own image.”

The Mosaic history is singularly distinguished by the homage required of Adam, and which has subsisted throughout all climes and ages. We are taught that the dominion of man was duly limited and regulated. God imposed on him the obligation of recognizing his indebtedness to the Creator for all he possessed, and an outward expression of gratitude by forbearing tasting of one single kind of fruit. So just and so simple a religion ought not, nor could not, be forgotten by mankind, if all are the offspring of a single man. Hence all nations, civilized or barbarous, have had some external religion, its most uniform expression being an offering of fruits or other foods which, after the oblation, were given to the poor or servitors of religion. Also abstinence and fasting have been universally practiced for the expression of piety and as an excellent preparation for prayer. Philosophy did not invent these customs; it found them already established, when it added some of

its own capricious excesses. The slightest acquaintance with antiquity informs us of the extravagancies committed on this score by the Chaldeans, the priests of Cybele and of Baal, by the Pythagoreans, by Porphyry, Jamblicus, and all the fasting tribe of the Platonic school, who hunted after ecstatic visions, as the alchemists at a later date sought the elixir of immortality. But as this last madness presupposes a reasonable use of medicine, so did the wild practices of heathenism predicate the primeval rules of observance by which men disposed themselves for worship and avowed their subjection and gratitude to their Creator. This first ground of religion was sanctified by the command of God; it was the root of all piety. This system of abstinence was transmitted to all the children of Adam, who have, by the simple effect of an instruction as common to them as their origin, and without any concert, preserved in their dispersion the custom instituted to give glory to God for the incessant bounties of his providence, and they have always reiterated their offerings as he has, in every season, continuously repeated his favors.

The verification of the Mosaic history is eminently exhibited by the authoritative statement of original sin and its consequent punishment. Our self-love is shocked at seeing the rebellion of Adam punished by his expulsion from the abode of pleasure, by the extinction of the tree of life, and by the subjection of his posterity to disease, to the temptations of concupiscence, and at last to death. We are affected only on account of our losses, without considering the preservation of our domain, nor that of our intellectual faculties, of our conscience, of our liberty, and the common privilege of choosing to do either good or evil. We need

not attempt to vindicate God's conduct, as it does not require any justification. It is sufficient for us to know what he has done, it being very certain that the things he condemns are rightly condemned, and the penalties he inflicts are justly inflicted. Moses attributes to this first transgression all the evils that exhibit a contradiction between the greatness and misery of man, and experience agrees with him. We are all aware of what man can do in consequence of his prerogatives, his knowledge, energy, and his esteem of what is good; but our knowledge of the human family would be very imperfect if we confined ourselves to the notice of man's greatness, without reviewing his misery. He is a sinner and an enemy to rule. We are all sensible of coming into this world children of wrath, that our advantages have suffered a diminution; whereas we experience within ourselves so much opposition to obligations, such reluctance to the knowledge of truth and the performance of good, and undoubtedly share in sin and its punishment by suffering and dying, like our first parent.

Whilst God's severities upon mankind alarm us we must admire how he turns our thoughts to a more agreeable object. Under the figure of the serpent, whose crooked windings were a lively image of the dangerous insinuations and fallacious devices of the evil spirit, God shows Eve her enemy vanquished, and points out to her that blessed seed which was to *bruise her vanquisher's head*, that is, to humble his pride and overturn his empire in the whole earth. This blessed seed was the Messiah, the son of a virgin; that Jesus Christ, in whom alone Adam had not sinned, because he was to be of the human family in a divine manner; conceived not by man, but by the Holy Ghost.



Before the Saviour should be given to us, it was fit that mankind should by a long experience know the need they had of such a succor. Man left in his fallen condition, his inclinations became corrupt, his enormities went beyond all bounds, and iniquity covered the whole face of the earth. Then the Lord meditated a vengeance, the remembrance of which he resolved should never be blotted out from among men; that of the universal flood, the memory of which, and of the wickedness that occasioned it, is still living in all nations. Men must not fancy that the world moves alone—that there are those mythical *forces* and *laws*, about which modern sciolists prate so much, and that what has been shall always continue, as being of itself. God,

who hath made all things, and by whom all things subsist, determined to drown both man and beast, and to obliterate the most beautiful part of his own work. He had need of nothing besides to ruin what had been produced by his word, but he judged it more worthy to make his creatures the instrument of his justice, and called the waters to ravage the land, already overflowed with wickedness. So far Moses shows himself conformable to posterior events, and he will be found preserving the same conformity with the monuments essential for the veracity of history throughout the whole of his work.

N. B.—An accident occurred in the printing of our article in the March number at page 297, instead of "*Germu*" read GERMEN.

## SOFT FELL THE SHADE OF EVEN-TIME.

SOFT fell the shade of even-time;  
 Methought, amid its wan decline,  
     I sat in quiet room;  
 Rich curtains veiled the window quaint,  
 The day was waning fainter, faint,  
     Up rose the lady moon.  
 As darker, darker grew the town,  
 In crimson light the sun went down  
     Beyond the hills afar;  
 Fair children, weary with their play,  
 Came toiling up the flower-sprent way;  
 Like hope amid the clouds of doubt,  
 The lights below came beaming out,  
     Above came star on star.  
 As bright and brighter rose the moon,  
 Oh! soothing sweet, a quiet tune  
     Came streaming o'er the night;  
 A tender voice, a snow-white hand,  
 Woke echoes as from choral band,  
     And softly through the gloom  
 It sung: O heart, be strong! be strong!  
 Whate'er may fall of blight or wrong,  
     There ever shines a light;  
 Look up, O sweet as eye of love,  
 A light to lead the Heart above,  
     That seeks the pure and right.

## AN INCIDENT FROM THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN OF MEXICO.

ANY contribution to the sad history of the chivalrous but ill-fated Maximilian must possess an interest, and the following incident, related by an officer of the Emperor's staff, is characteristic of the nobility and generosity by which he won the hearts of all who came into contact with him, and secured the sympathy even of those who doubted the wisdom of his elevation to the Mexican throne.

The siege of Queretaro lasted sixty-eight days from the time when the Emperor Maximilian fortified himself within its walls. Prince Salm-Salm had the command of his staff, Miramon that of the military affairs, the Emperor himself being the head. The Republicans besieging Queretaro, were led by Escabedo and Corona.

The insurgents had at length driven the Emperor as the hunters do a lion, into his lair. If unwilling to submit to slavery, he must endure the sufferings of a siege, or die under the bullets of his pursuers.

The guns of the besiegers of Queretaro had been silent since the shadow of night had fallen on the valley. Friend and foe rested from the bloody labors of the day. An officer, closely covered with his cloak, walked round the walls and through the streets, which were thickly strewn with ruins. Darkness rested on the distant mountains, but the horizon was red with camp-fires, while, near to the town, flames rose up which lighted even the streets. The officer slowly continued his course round the ruinous walls, his head sunk, and his hands crossed behind his back. Here and there he came upon a group of tired soldiers, who silently

uncovered their heads at his approach, and continued to follow with their eyes his solitary footsteps, even after he had passed into the obscurity of the distance. Their silent salute of this man had in it a noble reverence, and besides, there was the demonstration of love for a brave comrade, who had so often fought in their midst, had watched for so many nights by their side, and who, when in Queretaro, never for a moment abandoned them.

This person had made his rounds and now returned to the cloister of La Cruz, from whence he had come forth. On entering, he passed down a passage dimly lighted by a lamp, in the same slow, weary manner, and entered one of the cells. A fine-looking officer, in the prime of life, and in a handsome dress, was sitting at a little table in the corner, and turned to the person who entered with a respectful salute. It was General Miramon. The former laid aside his cloak and cap: it was the Emperor. His appearance was greatly altered. It was no longer the proud young prince, whose highest ideal was of glory and renown; it was the worn-out soldier, with pale cheeks, and determined resolution.

"What is the news?" asked the Emperor, drawing off his gloves.

"Nothing of importance, your Majesty," answered Miramon, "only a sentence of death, which I beg you to sign at once, as the execution is to take place to-morrow at four o'clock."

"Must I?" asked the Emperor, considering. "Who is the unfortunate man?"

"Alas! he is one of the Imperial captains; his name is Pedro Penna;

he is convicted of having been in correspondence with the enemy. His wife and his mother live in Queretaro. He was arrested yesterday, a court-martial was held, and he was sentenced. Nothing is now wanting but your Majesty's signature."

There are moments in the life of a ruler when incorrigible fate compels him to act as a despot, and when, if he suffers mercy to prevail over justice, he commits a crime. For example, to pardon a spy is a thing unheard of in war, while mutiny among troops is often passed over.

The Emperor looked out through the high windows of the cloister upon the desolate, mournful town, upon the dark walls which formed his own prison; and could he, a prisoner himself, sentence another to death, who was also a prisoner? Who could tell whether others might not very shortly be sitting in judgment on him? He was oppressed by thoughts and feelings, as picture after picture passed before his mind. He folded his hands and looked out upon the sky, as if he longed for counsel from the shining stars.

Miramón rose suddenly; he stepped out of the cell and called a name, which the echoes of the cloister returned threefold.

Miramón's adjutant appeared immediately, with several papers under his arm. Miramón took the papers and gave them to the Emperor, saying:

"Your Majesty, here is the protocol of the court-martial upon Captain Pedro Penna; I request your signature."

"Cannot the Captain be pardoned?" asked the Emperor, as if waking from a dream.

"Pardoned!" cried General Miramón, in the greatest astonishment. "Pardon a spy?"

Even the adjutant looked at the Emperor in amazement.

Miramón composed himself, and raising his voice:

"Your Majesty," he said, "certainly I am myself a Mexican; but Mexico is a country like no other. It is a kind of vast house of correction. If you wish to rule it after the European manner, it simply signifies that the country and yourself are to be delivered up to a band of marauders who call themselves liberals, and friends to freedom."

The Emperor stood opposite to his general, deep in thought. At last he said, in a calm but decided tone, which prevented further opposition:

"Come, General, I will go and speak to the prisoner in his dungeon."

In a few minutes, the Emperor, who had put the sentence into his pocket, descended the steps of the cloister, accompanied by General Miramón and his adjutant, and went out into the street. Camp fires were burning in the wider streets, and around them stood or lay the Imperial soldiers, talking and preparing their night meal. The black-bearded, brown, white and black men, the varied colors of their uniforms, the red of the infantry, the dark-green of the jagers, the mixture of red, white, and black of the cavalry regiments, offered a bright picture, lighted as they were by the red flames of the camp fires. Some of them knew the Emperor and sprang up to salute him. At a sign from Miramón, the adjutant hastened forward to advise the watch, and to desire that no military honors should be paid.

The cloister of St. Clara was a dark-looking building whose lowermost cells were used as cells for prisoners; two soldiers paced up and down before it. They stood still as they saw two officers approach, wrapped in cloaks, and presented arms in silence. The adjutant had



already informed the Prior, who stood waiting before the entrance.

"Lead us to the cell of Captain Pedro Penna, who is under sentence of death," was the short command of the Emperor.

The Prior bowed deeply, and went forward, lighting the steps of the Emperor and General Miramon through the dark passages with his lantern.

Pedro Penna was sitting in cell No. 3. It was a dismal place. A glimmer of light was just able to penetrate through a doubly-barred window, and the walls were so damp that the water dropped from them. A bed, a chair, and a table of a miserable description stood in the cell. The earthen floor was rough and uneven. A little iron-plated door, with a heavy lock, shut off this place from the outer world.

The stillness of the night was only broken by the pacing of the guard before the door.

Pedro Penna was seated on the only chair. He had been seized the day before while in correspondence with the enemy from the furthest outpost of the besieged city.

He was not more than thirty years old, one of the handsomest officers in the regiment, and had only been married about a year. Yet had one day made a fearful change in the young man. His eyes had sunk deep into their sockets, and his closed lips and fixed features showed a determination which nothing more could have power to shake.

There were two women in the cell; they were kneeling before him, and each held a hand which she covered with kisses and bedewed with tears. These women were his aged mother and his fair young wife.

The hour of midnight struck; in another hour son and husband would be torn away from these women forever.

Pedro sat like a statue.

The elder woman rose and laid his head on her breast.

Poor mother! what care, what trouble, what tears has that child cost thee, and now, in four hours his life will be destroyed.

She sank again upon her knees with a sob as if her heart were breaking

"Horrible, impossible!" said the wife. "Is there no help, no rescue for you, dearest Pedro? Speak, I will make any sacrifice for you. Oh! if I could die for you! How shall I endure life?"

She was hardly sixteen years old, her beautiful eyes were red with tears, her lips were white, and her soft black hair hung wild and loose about her shoulders. She threw herself at her husband's feet, then on his breast, and then walked up and down the room as if wild.

At last Pedro Penna manned himself and rose.

"Dear mother, beloved wife, do not make my last hours still harder and more painful. You who are dearest to me, have pity on me, grant my last request, go and pray for me—but leave me."

"Leave you? never, never!" cried both.

"Dearest mother, and you, my most loved wife, I do not wish you to accompany me from here—the fearful scene"—

The young man could say no more; he fell on his mother's neck:

"Most beloved mother, I thank you a thousand times for all that you have suffered on my account."

"But is there no help?" cried his wife wildly. "What if I were to throw myself at the Emperor's feet?"

"The Emperor?" said Pedro Penna bitterly, "now? at one o'clock in the morning? He is a foreigner, and he is asleep. Do you think, poor child, that he would pardon a spy?" And he laughed wildly. Then all were suddenly silent, the old mother sank down, and rapid steps were heard in the corridor.

"They are coming to take you away," cried the wife in a piercing tone, throwing her arms fast around him.

They heard the watch present arms, the bolts were drawn back, and the creaking doors were opened. The Prior entered, and holding up his lantern, its dim light fell upon Pedro's mother lying on the ground, and he himself held fast in his wife's arms. Two officers in cloaks followed him into the room.

One of them asked the prisoner, in a gentle voice, what reason he had for wishing to betray the Emperor, who was already so hard pressed.

"Sir, I do not know to whom I have the honor of speaking; I do not know whether you are my judge or my executioner. For what reason did I wish to betray the Emperor? Because I hate him."

"Why then did you serve him? Why did you eat your enemies' bread? Why did you not fight in the ranks of your friends? Why did you wear the Imperial uniform adorned with his orders?" asked the unknown, his voice unsteady with emotion.

"Sir, before the armies of strangers had trod the soil of Mexico, I was a soldier in the ranks of the Republic, but when foreign troops swept over our country, and war brought with it poverty and misery to our dwellings, the Imperial troops were able to earn their bread, while those of the Republic had not enough for the support of wife and child, and their pale, hollow faces reminded him with dumb, yet eloquent reproaches, that he had duties as a husband and a father, and so, my heart was so moved towards my aged mother that I accepted the Imperial uniform. And now began the miserable double part which I undertook to end this suffering. I endeavored to observe my oath to my prince, and fought like a brave soldier, as the Cross of the Legion of Honor and the Eagle of Guada-

lupe testify. And yet I ever endured inward reproach that I was drawing my sword against the liberty of my country."

"And why do you hate the Emperor?" asked the stranger.

"I hate him because he is a foreigner, and has sacrificed thousands of men without cause or object. Sir," cried Pedro Penna, as if inspired, "in a short time Juarez will again be the rightful lord of this country. The laws will it; God wills it. Juarez is the rightful president of this land. His cradle was the lap of an Indian woman. He passed his childhood amongst half-wild animals, and grew up, fed by the refuse from a rich man's table. And now, when thirty years have hardly passed, he is the unconquerable, inexorable, irreconcilable enemy of the greatest prince of one of the oldest royal houses of Europe. It sounds like a fairy tale, and yet their names will remain in the records of history. Maximilian, elected Emperor of Mexico; Benito Juarez, President of the Republic; and Juarez must, and will, conquer."

The mother and wife of the condemned man looked earnestly at the strangers. They could well understand that the words just spoken in an Imperial prison, by a man under sentence of death, were not likely to improve his fearful position.

"And why have you not said all this to the Emperor, and begged him to dismiss you, or to pardon your fault?" asked the stranger.

The two women could hardly draw their breath, so anxiously were they listening for the reply. It seemed as if the officer, wrapped in that cloak, was to be their protecting angel.

"Beg for pardon, sir? And when? Yesterday I was sentenced, and in three hours I shall be shot. And who can now speak to the Emperor? His generals admit no one, and before he wakes I shall be buried."

"And who tells you, sir, that the Emperor is asleep?" asked the officer.

"I know it. What can he have to do at one o'clock in the morning?"

"You mistake, sir; for the Emperor stands before you. I am the Emperor."

Maximilian let fall his cloak, and they all recognized him.

The mother and wife of the condemned man threw themselves with a cry at the monarch's feet, while Pedro remained incapable of speech.

"Sir," said the Emperor, with a gentle earnestness, "though you are an enemy, you will accept two presents from me: your pardon"—he took the sentence from his pocket, tore it, and gave it to the young wife—"and this ring, in remembrance of the sad truths which you have this day spoken to me. You reproach me with having accepted the throne, which I must have anticipated would lead to the destruction of my faithful soldiers. Sir, I was called hither by your countrymen. I ascended the throne of the Aztecs young, happy, a beloved husband, and a free man. Under such circumstances, with the blessing of the Pope, with the fealty of my soldiers, with the support of France, and with the inexhaustible riches of your country, who can reproach me because I trusted to deceitful illusions? I was young, and had too much confidence in the love of the people. I was bold, and I despised danger. I was fortunate, and had yet to learn how quickly fortune changes her colors."

The Emperor extended his hand, the old mother and the young wife covered it with kisses.

"And now follow me," said Maximilian, and left the cell, and, after him, General Miramon, Pedro Penna, his mother and wife. They entered the street, which was dark and deserted. Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by the

roll of a drum, and a company of infantry was seen marching towards the little group of people from St. Clara.

General Miramon called to the commanding officer to order his troop to halt, which, recognizing Miramon, he immediately did.

"Whither are you marching?" asked the General.

The officer saluted with his sabre.

"I am commanded, General, with my company, to an execution. Captain Pedro Penna is to be shot in an hour."

"Let your company march back; the execution will not take place; the Emperor has pardoned him."

The officers saluted, "Right about, march," and the company returned to their barrack.

During this dialogue the Emperor, standing a little aside, was not recognized by the troop. Penna's mother and wife made a stifled exclamation, and pressed close to the monarch, while the captain gave a deep sigh. When the troop was away, "Now," said the Emperor, "go and sleep in peace, and think of the foreigner without hating him."

Pedro Penna and the two women were hardly composed enough to express their thanks, when the Emperor had disappeared down a side street.

All this occurred during the night between the 12th and 13th of May. On the 15th, Queretaro was in the hands of the Liberals, through the treachery of Colonel Lopez, and the unfortunate Emperor was himself imprisoned in the cloister of Santa Terisita, from whence he made his exit to be shot, on the morning of the 19th of June. His former enemy, Pedro Penna, was determined to venture his life for the Emperor on the first opportunity, but the catastrophe occurred too speedily to allow of this intention being carried into effect.

A small fee would obtain admit-



tance to the sight of the Emperor's corpse. A soldier kept guard, and let every one pass without opposition. The apartment looked like a lumber-room, and was dark and dirty. The coffin stood in the middle of the room, resting on two roughly-hewn wooden benches, and was covered with black cloth and gold lace. At the upper end was a plate, with three openings, covered with glass, through which there was a view of the Emperor's face. A light was held by a soldier. The corpse was dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons, dark blue trousers, and spurs. His hands were covered with gloves.

One evening three persons were on their knees beside the coffin—Pedro Penna, his mother, and his wife. All were praying for the unfortunate Emperor. The door opened, and General Escabedo entered, accompanied by two other of Juarez's generals. These men

wished once more to behold their much-dreaded adversary, now lying in his coffin.

When Pedro Penna and the two ladies arose, Escabedo recognized the young officer, and offered him his hand, which was accepted, but with marked coldness.

"Come to me early to-morrow," said the General. "I will give you a commission as major in my regiment of Lancers."

"Many thanks, General," said Pedro Penna, in a cold manner; "but I will no longer serve, not even if the rank of a general in the army of the Republic were offered me;" and, with a bow, he left the sad room with his wife and mother. Then he looked at the brilliant ring with which the Emperor had so short a time before presented him, and a tear fell upon the precious stone. He hastened home through the crowd of rejoicing Liberals.

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## SONNET.

THE varying seasons ever roll, and run  
 Into each other, like that arc of light,  
 Born of the shower, and colored by the sun,  
 Which spans the heavens when April skies are bright.  
 First comes green-kirtled Spring, who leadeth on  
 Blue-mantled Summer, of maturer age,  
 Sultana of the year. When she is gone,  
 Gold-girdled Autumn, solemn as a sage,  
 Reigns for a time, and on earth's ample page  
 (Illumined by his hand) writes "Plenty here!"  
 Then white-cowled Winter steps upon the stage,  
 With darkened visage, keen, gloomy, and austere.  
 But he whose soul sustains no cloud or thrall,  
 Perceives power, beauty, good, and fitness in them all.

## THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

A BOOK has been published in German and translated into French, which is most excellent. We speak of the *Catacombs of Rome and the Catholic Doctrine* of Don Maurus Walter, Abbot of the Benedictines of Beuron, translated into French by Abbé Alter of the clergy of Paris. The book comes from Germany, but the science it distils is of Rome, and gathered at the surest historical sources of primitive Christianity. It might perhaps be a subject of edification for the readers of the *Catholic Record* to give a short epitome of it, until some generous pen translates it into English.

The manifest intention of the learned Benedictine has been to place within popular reach the results of the recent and immortal labors, which have revealed to the Christian world subterranean Rome.

That bloody but sacred cradle of the Church, until the fourth century a place of burial, worship, and prayer; until the seventh century the object of the veneration of the Church, the end of most solemn pilgrimages; in the eighth century the prey of barbarians, who, under the ruins of the basilicas, built upon the tombs of the saints, bury the very memory of the subterranean crypts,—a forgotten world during eight hundred years.

A learned Jesuit has opened the way, guided no less by a kind of divination than by the result of his researches. Father Marchi has had the merit of breaking with a false tradition, of studying the catacombs, not in the monuments stolen from their bosom, but in themselves, in the luminous *ensemble* of informations exchanged between archæology and history, theology and symbolism, and even geology.

But Father Marchi was only the initiator. He left behind a young disciple, in whom a precocious and universal erudition, the passion of learning, a tender veneration for Christian antiquities, an incomparable capacity of endurance, a marvellous sagacity, were so many preparations for the scientific vocation, which seized him at the age of nineteen years, and which has conducted him since through the most magnificent discoveries, to the possession of these certain *criteriums*, which constitute a science sure of itself, and which are acquired, thanks to him, to Christian archæology.

My reader has already named Mr. de Rossi.

Learned Germany, sometimes so contemptuous in regard to traditional knowledge, so prompt in placing her criticisms above all testimonies, has been obliged to bend her head before the scientific edifice raised by the hand of the Roman archæologist, the glory of the traditions of the primitive Church. Let us say to her honor, that Germany has not begrudged them homage, and that, after having read and discussed with mistrust, she has received and given the right of city in the *republic of sciences* to the results, henceforth incontestable, of the grand researches of Mr. de Rossi.

France is, and we know it but too well, quicker in admiring than in studying. All the French who make the journey to Rome visit the learned explorer, but few listen to him, and fewer still read him. "The French," said, one day, Mr. de Rossi to Abbe d'Hulst, a French savant, who published his results in the *Univers*, "The French load me with compliments, but they have not read a single line of my

works; the Germans make objections, but they know my works by heart."

After this painful confession, it is to a French heart sweet to say, that it is from the pen of a Frenchman that has come the last and most complete work destined to render popular the revelations of the *Roma Sotteranea*. Mr. de Rossi has found among the French one better than an admirer or copyist. He has met with a disciple devoted for several years to the labors and explorations of the master. The Count of des Bassayns de Riche-  
mont, giving way to the importunities of his friend, has published, in an excellent work, an attractive *tableau* of these new morals of the sacred science. The work has been published by Pous-sielgue, under the title of *Nouvelles Etudes sur les Catacombes Romaines*.

There archæology and art are treated with a master hand. Not only the two enormous folios of *Roma Sotteranea*, but also the collection of *Inscriptions Chrétiennes*, and the volume of an inestimable value, the *Bulletin Archæologique* were obliged to yield to the French writer the substance of their treasures.

But, while French archæology was trying to interest France in the discoveries of a science both antique and new, Dom Maurus Walter, no less attentive to the progress of that science, was devoted in Germany to a work of another nature. Placed by Providence in the midst of Protestant communities, and charged with the care of souls, he was producing from the *Roma Sotteranea*, living testimonies in favor of the articles of our faith. This is to say that the apologetique preoccupation dominates in his book.

I do not mean to say that this is absent from the work of Mr. de Richemont, but, faithful to the sci-

entific method, the French writer is satisfied with exposing facts, leaving to the reader the care of the conclusions.

The German writer, addressing himself to a public less cultivated, feels the necessity of marking well the conclusions; to uncover everywhere the dogma from its clothing, and use all means to bring the simple reader to recognize, under the symbols of the heroic age, the antiquity of the doctrines, rites, and institutions of the Catholic Church.

A few pages of the work are sufficient to introduce us in the galleries of subterranean Rome, to make us acquainted with the places and their aspect, to reveal to us their use and character. Thence entering into his work he interrogates by turn the tombs, the chambers, the inscriptions, the paintings, to ask them, first, for a testimony to the Christian dogmas, to whom they furnish a direct communication; and afterwards, to the particular points of doctrine which these monuments presuppose, and which alone explain and justify them.

Let not the reader be alarmed in hearing mention made of dogmatic discussion.

There is nothing here dry and abstract; you always have under your eyes a sensible and striking object, an inscription, a painting reproduced by an engraving, a symbol which speaks to the eyes, to the imagination, to the faith, producing that happy effect on the mind of the reader, which, according to the word of our Saviour to Nicodemus, does more than bring back man into the maternal womb, since it gives to his intellect and his heart a new birth.

But in the same time as the faithful seems to become young and be born again in the faith, the faithful at this reading will experience a feeling unutterable in itself, and



which raises him in his own eyes; he will see the identity of his belief with that of a sublime epoch; he will feel himself living of the same life which animated the martyrs; he will find on his lips a canticle of thanksgiving to the God who binds centuries by the bonds of the same faith, of the same hope and a common love. Through the buried generations which sleep in the galleries of the Christian necropolis, it will seem to him that the apostles themselves shake hands with him and lead him to Jesus Christ; and heresy with its arbitrary mutilations of the dogma, and atheism with its contemptuous and contemptible negations, which are only the cloak which covers its ignorance, will cease to be a subject of scandal, to become an object of pity.

Here is the description of the scene which preceded the martyrdom of Pope St. Stephen I:

"One night—it was after a rainy day in the month of August—the faithful were convoked, as usual, to a holy meeting. Any one who, at that moment, should have been walking in the Appian Way, might have seen, now and then, either alone or in small groups, shadows advancing rapidly, gliding, disappearing behind the walls of a solitary villa.

"These are the Christians who, in order to assist at the office of night, make haste to penetrate into the cemetery of *Lucina*, a branch of the catacombs of Callistus. The password is given, the door opens before them, and in silence they advance through these subterranean galleries, feebly illuminated.

"They have arrived. The women, completely veiled, turn to the left, giving a silent salutation to the widows consecrated to God. The men penetrate into the chapel on the right side, where a cleric introduces them. The walls and the ceilings are ornamented with symbolic paintings, to which the soft

light of the lamps lends a particular charm. All breathe piety and recollection. In the far-off side, on the tomb of a martyr, is erected a simple altar, where the deacon prepares the sacred vessels. The faithful in entering place in a niche in the wall their offering of bread and wine, and standing, wait until the sacred sacrifice commences, whilst the clergy take their place in the presbyterium. All eyes are fixed on the person of the venerable St. Stephen, seated on his seat of marble. His paternal eye reposes with love on his little flock. He rises.

"From his prophetic mouth come forth words of peace and encouragement, which penetrate the hearts of the faithful and produce a powerful emotion in the assembly.

"The pontiff then ascends the steps of the altar and the holy mysteries commence. What a supernatural radiance illumines his face when he raises his hands! What marvellous flames are seen in his eyes when he beholds the Lamb of God lying before him! Is it the foretaste of the coming felicity which has seized upon the noble old man? Harken! . . . a noise of arms is heard, . . . the light of torches is seen in the next gallery; a crowd is approaching, . . . they are the terrible satellites of Cæsar.

"The *luminare* or air-hole has carried to them the sound of canticles and revealed to them the dwelling of the Christians. With violence they force themselves a passage. But a superhuman power seems to nail them at the door of the sacred crypt. The Pope terminates the sacrifice, prays for the persecutors, and the soldiers are aroused from their miraculous torpor only when Stephen has resumed his place on his throne. Then the troop rushes on him with naked swords, and makes a glorious victim of him who but a while ago was himself offering up sacrifice."

Let me quote another passage. It is the testimony rendered to the dogmatic truths by the ruins of Pompeii.

"Behold a city belonging entirely to antiquity, and awaking from a sleep eighteen times centennial, and shaking the ashes which have both buried and preserved her. It is as if the clock of time had stopped for her during centuries, and had recommenced going after that period. You see the streets marked yet with the wheels of the chariots, the stores well furnished, cellars with their amphoræ for wine, arsenals with arms, dwellings with their furniture. Almost every house bears the name and sign of the proprietor; on all public edifices is the name of the founder. Furniture of the temples, bathing utensils, kitchen utensils, objects of toilet, each is at its place; nothing is missing. An altar consecrated to Isis is still covered with the half-burnt victim just sacrificed. The six hundred skeletons found are like living ghosts. Behold a sentinel under arms with cask and buckler, and the lance in the right hand.

"Here in the triangle of Isis a priest holds in his hands precious objects offered to the divinity; another skeleton holds the case of the sacrificator; another is seated at a table where you can see still chicken-bones, the remnants of his feast, and he holds still the knife. Many are ornamented with keys and gems. As if by the wand of a magician you see reproduced the mode of life of the ancients; reproduction visible; palpable, surprising. Nevertheless, all this has a strange aspect. It is a gigantic skeleton, it is the palace of Death! Alas! if at least it was only temporal death! But it is another death which fills with horror the Christian visitor. The chain sealed in the wall at the entrance door, to which was chained as a dog the

slave guardian of the door; the skeletons of the gladiators in the amphitheatre, from which the noise and the rain of fire from Vesuvius dispersed the spectators; the abominable idols erected everywhere; but particularly the paintings and the revolting symbols, signs of a profound immorality, which we meet at every step in the streets, the temples, the private dwellings, and even in the sepulchres of the dead, all that makes us shake with trembling to the very soul.

"Between Pompeii and the catacombs of Rome, what a difference! In the one reign darkness and despair, in the other the light of faith and the hope of heaven; there cruelty and vice, here the flowers of the purest love and virtue; there in the city of the living you meet nothing but spiritual death, here in the city of the dead we behold nothing but the incontestable proofs of supernatural life. When we were walking, a few years ago, through the streets of Pompeii, it seems we would have breathed with more ease had we seen the least ray of Christian light to illumine this thick darkness. But the volcano buried this city, as abominable as ancient Sodom, in the year 79 of our era, so that we cannot hope to meet with many traces of the apostolic preaching."

The following passage will remind any one who has seen Rome, of one of the most solemn impressions given to man to feel:

"We follow for awhile the Appian Way. The setting sun envelops, as eighteen centuries ago, the beautiful Campagna in the bright veil of his evening beauty, and spreads gold and purple on the Alban mounts which close the horizon, and on their villas, sparkling as gems in frames of green foliage. What has become of the proud magnificence of the pagan monu-

ments which bewildered the Queen of the ways? The last fires of the sun illumine only sad ruins and masses of stone fragments, which, like phantoms, raise with melancholy their heads through the foliage of the cypress, and are the best preachers of the vanity of the brilliant things of this world. But it is otherwise if we descend into the subterranean cemeteries which extend under this world of ruins. Without *éclat*, and hidden in the obscure bosom of the earth, their light is incomparable, because another sun—a supernatural sun—surrounds their monuments with the aureoles of a true and immortal glory.”

I cannot end this short and incomplete analysis better than by calling to mind the words of the

author inviting the faithful to visit the Catacombs:

“May God—and this is a pious wish we have often formed in writing this work—may God permit that all who keep away from the Church, may go and visit the Catacombs, and experience for the peace of their souls the mysterious influence of the divine love. If from amidst the darkness of the subterranean Necropolis the sun of Christianity has once risen glorious upon the Roman world, tinging the dawn of day with the holy blood of the martyrs, may the crypts of the martyrs, again opened, still throw great rays of light, and contribute with a power, victorious as it is pacific, to the triumph of Truth and the Cross.”

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### BITS OF LUCK.

FEW people are aware how much we owe to accidents. That we often lose by them, is indeed true. Property is destroyed to a frightful extent, valuable lives are sacrificed, or a work on which years of labor and ingenuity have been spent, is suddenly rendered useless; but, on the whole, I believe the world is a gainer by accidents. They have added, beyond the power of calculation, to our stock of knowledge and riches. Without them, the astronomer would never have been supplied with his telescope or pendulum; many of the conveniences and necessities of life, as we now consider them, would be unknown; and much of the wealth floating about in the world, and finding employment for thousands, would be lying undiscovered in the bowels of the earth. Accidents of the kind I am speaking of are indeed

no more than friendly hints of nature, which require attentive minds to seize upon and understand them. The thoughtless or careless would pass them for ages day after day, and never be a jot the wiser or better for them.

There must be a quick eye, and a mind as sensitive as the prepared paper of the photographer, to catch these hints. While the eye sees, the mind must seize upon and retain the lesson. While Captain, afterwards Sir Samuel, Brown was occupied in studying the construction of bridges, with the view of contriving one of a cheap description to be thrown across the Tweed, near which he lived, he was walking in his garden one dewy autumn morning, when he saw a tiny spider's net suspended across his path. The idea immediately occurred to him that a bridge of iron ropes or



chains might be constructed in like manner; and the result was the invention of his suspension bridge. A most trifling incident this, it would seem, and yet what beautiful results it has led to! His mind was thoroughly prepared for the slightest impression, and a spider's web was sufficient to imprint upon it an idea which has eventuated in such stupendous yet beautiful networks as that which spans the Menai Strait. I never look on one of these triumphs of engineering skill without remembering that a little spider was the first constructor of suspension bridges, and gave the hint to man.

But perhaps there seems too little of accident in this for some persons; they would like a more decided case—a man picking up a stone, and finding it a lump of silver, or something that was really worth calling a "piece of luck." Here, then, is the very thing. A man who was driving a loaded donkey over one of the mountains of the Cordillera chain, and wishing to make the animal quicken his pace, took up a stone to throw at it. Thinking the stone heavy, he picked it up again to examine it, and to his astonishment found it full of pure silver! The man, though a brute, was something of a philosopher; he judged that there was more of the precious ore where this had come from, and began to search for the vein; for the joint action of the sun and rain wears down the rocks, and sets free portions of the precious metals imbedded in them, which roll down into the valleys below. He was rewarded for his search by finding the vein of silver at no great distance, standing up in the form of a wedge out of the bare mountain-side. This was no other than the famous mine of Chanuncillo, from which silver to the extent of several hundred thousand pounds was raised in the course of a few years.

Lucky accidents have been no less favorable to the cause of science. Glass was first discovered by accident, at least so Pliny tells us, and his account is generally received as the most probable. "Some mariners," he writes, "who had a cargo of *nitrum* (salt, or as some have supposed, soda), on board, having landed on the banks of the river Belus, a small stream at the base of Mount Carmel in Palestine, and finding no stones to rest their pots upon, placed under them some masses of *nitrum*, which, being fused by the heat with the sand of the river, produced a liquid and transparent stream; such was the origin of glass." In process of time glass developed itself into the form of spectacles, and so assisted defective vision; and at this stage, it gave birth to the telescope.

It seems scarcely credible that that wonderful, farseeing instrument, which brings the most distant worlds under our curious ken, should have had its origin in children's play; yet so it is. The children of a spectacle-maker in Middleburg were allowed at times—probably on wet days—to play in their father's workshop. On one of these occasions, they were amusing themselves with some spectacle-glasses, when one of them placed *two* together, one before the other, and looked through them, at the weathercock on a neighboring steeple. To the child's astonishment, the vane appeared larger and nearer to it than when seen through one glass only. The father was called to see the sight, and struck with the singular fact, resolved to turn it to advantage. His first plan was to fix two glasses on a board, by means of brass rings, which might be brought nearer to each other or further off at pleasure. He was thus enabled to see distant objects better and more distinctly than before. The next improvement was to place the glasses in a tube, which may be

termed the first telescope. Galileo soon heard of it, and applied it to astronomical purposes. The mention of this great man recalls to mind the story told of his discovery of the pendulum. We give it as it has been told, merely for the sake of its moral. A correct time-measure had long been a desideratum in the world. Water-clocks had been tried, and found wanting; Alfred's candles would not do for the world at large. Another lucky accident must supply the want; and it came as follows: The future great astronomer, though then only a young man, was in the cathedral of Pisa. One of the vergers had been supplying a lamp with oil, which hung from the roof, and left it swinging to and fro; this caught Galileo's attention; and carefully noting it, he observed that it vibrated in equal times, and first conceived the idea of applying it to the measurement of time. It cost him fifty years

to complete his pendulum. After the telescope and pendulum, we can hardly pass over Sir Isaac Newton's discovery of the law of gravity, though it is too well known to require more than naming. An apple accidentally falling to the ground before his face revealed to him this mighty, all-pervading secret of nature! What vast results have sprung from these seeming trifles! Distant worlds have not only been discovered, but weighed and measured; the pathless ocean can be travelled over with the same certainty as if guide-posts were erected every three or four miles; and time can be measured to the greatest nicety!

Should these few facts stimulate but one individual to pay more attention to our great teacher, Nature—to look out for her hints, and try to turn them to good account, it is impossible to say how much richer the world may be through that one man in half a century.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### SERMONS ON ECCLESIASTICAL SUBJECTS.

By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. American Edition, Vol. II. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1873.

The first volume of the American edition of this invaluable work appeared last spring, and was reviewed in the June number of the *Record*. Its contents were of a miscellaneous character, while those of the present volume, taken in their entire, have deservedly earned for their great author the title of defender of Pius IX, and the rights and doctrines which he, as the infallible voice of the church, has, in our day, by exponential teachings, reared as a barricade to the inroads and encroachments of the enemies of God and man; enemies alike of the social, the political, the scholastic, and the spiritual order. We

would be almost insulting the intelligence of our readers by giving them any further information as to the majestic abilities, or the saintly life of this glorious primate of England. We need only spread before their single glance a table of the contents of this second volume, to make its recommendation by further words unnecessary. First in order is an introduction, which is of itself a masterpiece of argumentative thought and pure diction. This is followed by chapters headed respectively as follows: I. The Temporal Power of the Pope in its Political Aspect. II. Rome and the Revolution. III. Christ and Antichrist. IV. The Syllabus. V. Popular Objections to the Vatican Council. VI. Rome, The Capital of Christendom. VII. The Pontificate of Pius IX. VIII. The Divine Commonwealth. IX. The Triumph

of the Church. X. The Glory of the Church Always Progressive. XI. The Day of the Lord. The book is dedicated "To Henry, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, and the members of the Catholic Union, with the prayer that they may be strengthened to stand firm in defence of the Holy See as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." It is, moreover, handsomely printed, and what is of equal value, substantially bound.

**GOD, OUR FATHER.** By a Father of the Society of Jesus. Author of "The Happiness of Heaven." Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1873.

Since the publication, some years since, of that soothing little book, "The Spiritual Consoler," we can recall to mind no work of its nature so excellent as this admirable treatise. We are not afraid to venture on the assertion that one-half of the religious indifferentism, if not positive sin of the day, among even good Catholics, is due to their failure to realize the paternal relationship towards themselves of "Him from whom all paternity is named," and their own reciprocal duty of resting with childlike confidence and love upon His infallible word, so rich in promises of merciful care, and who is never more highly honored, more disposed to exhibit His divinely paternal tenderness, than when His children exclaim, in the language of Holy Job, "Even though He kill me, still will I trust in Him." What is the source of so much spiritual blindness and moral suicide, but worldliness? And what is worldliness but a seeking after strange gods before Him who alone is God; a turning to creatures and the things of earth for that consolation which must alone come from above, but which will only be granted, so God wills it, to persevering, loving, humble, and confiding prayer; for what right have we to expect God to be as a whole-hearted Father to those who act as only half-hearted children? Let, then, fervent souls take up this book, for alas! fervent souls often stand in terrible need of such teaching as it imparts, in order to stand firm in the love and service of the Father of all. And let the sinner, who has never practically recognized his Heavenly Father's love, or who, like the prodigal son, knowingly has spurned it, draw now herefrom the blessed inspiration which will make him arise and go into his Father's house.

**SISTER EUGENIE.** The Life and Letters of a Sister of Charity. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 1873.

This is an excellent translation of one

of those charming little French works which records, in simple but beautiful language, the story of a life lived only for God. A life which, like a rare exotic, will scarcely bear the strong glare or rude breath of a chilling world. In this beautiful diary we have exposed the interior history of a lovely girl, who, reared in the midst of Protestant influences, preserved incorrupted in her youthful heart, the seeds of faith implanted there at baptism, until the advent of maturer years and stronger graces developed them into bud, and leaf, and blossom. And now her story is artlessly told, not only for the admiration, but also for the guidance of the every-day life of those who, whether in joy or sorrow, shall be so fortunate as to receive its delicate teachings.

**LECTURES ON THE PRINCIPAL DOCTRINES AND PRACTICES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.** By Cardinal Wiseman. 2 vols. P. O'Shea: New York.

**FOUR LECTURES ON THE OFFICES AND CEREMONIES OF THE HOLY WEEK.** By Cardinal Wiseman. 1 vol. P. O'Shea: New York.

In the last issue of the *RECORD* we noticed Mr. O'Shea's new American edition of Cardinal Wiseman's celebrated Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion, and also his Lectures on the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist. Since then we have received from Mr. O'Shea three additional volumes, containing the Lectures on the Doctrines of the Church, and the Ceremonies of the Holy Week, from the same eloquent and erudite pen, issued in uniform style, and being the second instalment of the series of Cardinal Wiseman's works from the press of this house.

It is not our purpose at the present time to enter on a general criticism of the merits of these admirable Lectures, abounding as they do in so many points of excellence, and forming unquestionably the best exposition of the Doctrines of our Holy Faith in the English language. The fact that, after having been before the public for so many years, there should still exist a need for another edition of Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures, is itself the best evidence that can be offered of their great merit and permanent value. In a future number of the *RECORD*, should we be spared, it will be our pleasure to introduce, in the form of a sketch of his life, a more elaborate review of Cardinal Wiseman's works than we are able to give in the limited space allotted us in this department. In acknowledging the appearance of these Lectures at



the present time, however, we would only say, that no Catholic who has the means should fail to provide himself with a full set; for no Catholic, however learned he may be, or however well versed in the Doctrines and Ceremonies of our Holy Church, can peruse these Lectures without profit and instruction. The Lectures on the Ceremonies of Holy Week are especially appropriate at the present time; and to all who may not be fully acquainted with the origin and signification of the ceremonies of the Catholic worship during this sad week, we would strongly commend them.

THE MARTYR OF A SECRET. New York: P. O'Shea, 1872.

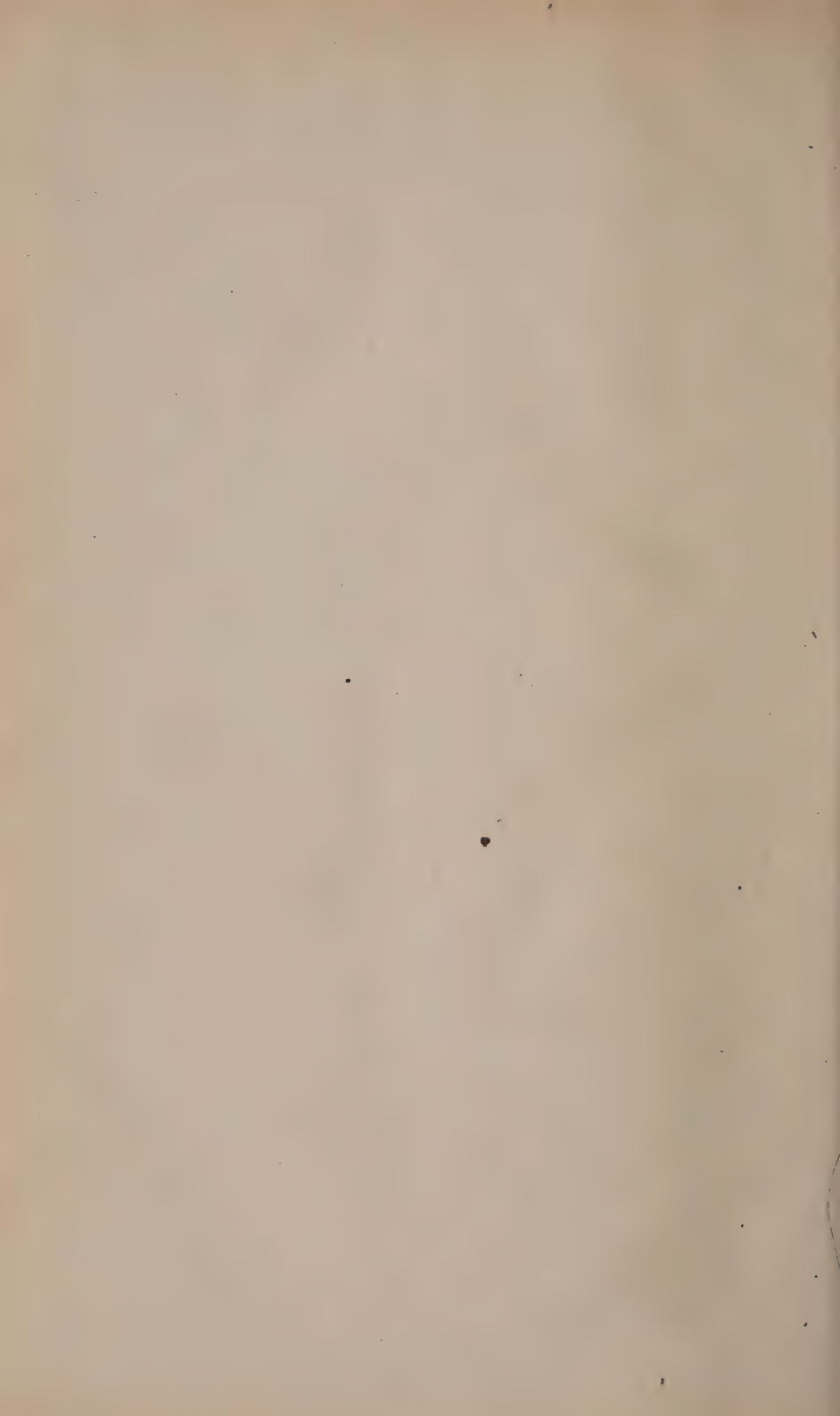
As there is no doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church which has met with viler vituperation, from the enemies of the faith of Jesus Christ, than that which takes effect in the practice of confession, so there is none, to the good results of which, whether on the individual soul or on society at large, the Church can point with greater pride. Especially can she boast so gloriously of the inviolable secrecy of the confessional, that her enemies dare not even pretend to charge her with a single instance of its infraction. Neither the traitorous priest, *recrulant in every other respect to his sacerdotal vows*, nor the unfortunate minister of God afflicted with mental aberration, or influenced by the sudden heat of uncontrolled passion, has ever been tempted, in his wildest ravings, to break the heaven-sealed confidence existing between confessor and penitent, and without which this divine institution must inevitably have fallen. Illustrious examples of the constancy of the priesthood on this point, even when all the engines of hell have been brought to bear against it, are not wanting in ecclesiastical history; pre-eminent among them is the glorious Patron of Bohemia, St. John Nepomucene, who gave his life in defence of the sacred secret. Still as a heavenly light shining over the darkened waters of the Prague indicated to the faithful the spot where the executioners had sunk the martyr's body, so shall the star of unbroken sacramental confidence shine

over the turbulent waters of human passion and hellish malice. But the Church's heroes, like the world's, though often equal in merit, are not always so in fame; and the object of this thrilling tale, founded on fully authenticated facts, which occurred many years ago in Ireland, is to record the similar constancy of a simple parish priest, under one of the most trying ordeals by which human nature can be tested. This is the same tale to which we referred in a late number of the RECORD, under the title of *The Priest's Story*, in our review of "Lover's Tales and Legends of Ireland;" but the author of the present volume has, in amplifying the details into a regular novel, avoided the unjust and heterodox insinuations which called forth our disapprobation of that sketch. This volume should meet with favor from both Catholic and truth-seeking Protestant readers.

TRUTH AND ERROR. By Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D. New York, 1873. D. & J. Sadlier.

This little work, from the pen of the author of "Curious Questions," is a most admirable treatise on mental philosophy, showing the relations between truth and error, and the rules to be observed in arriving at the certainty of the former. The tendency of modern mental philosophy outside of the Church is admirably epitomized by the learned author, when he says: "There are no principles; no fixed truths. Fixity of any kind is opposed to the law of rational progress. Doubt all things, change all things. All things are equal. Away with dogmas in everything, even in religion. The mind is an *Æolian harp*, to be played on by the varying breezes of feeling." And in cordially agreeing with him that "all lovers of truth, whether it be scientific or religious, must desire to see a reaction against this spirit of doubt, now so widespread among the educated," we must congratulate Dr. Brann on the able effort he has made in this direction himself. The only objection we have to his book is that it is too short, and in stating this objection we are but acknowledging the interest its perusal has afforded us.







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